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984	Twilight Memories, Pia...	... Reed	
985	Old Exeter, March		
986	Whistling Darkies, Barn...		
*987	The Night Attack		
*988	The Departure of a Troop...		
*989-1-2	The Boys are Marching		
*993-4-5	Going to Table Bay		
*992	Lady with March		
*993	Kimberley " "		
*994	Mafeking " "		
*995	Bloemfontein " "		
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1027	The Old Barge, Song		W. H. Bennett.
1028	Won't yer let me kiss yer? Coon Song		"
1029	The Handy Man, Naval Fantasia m		E. Read.
1030	Follow Your Leader, Barn Dance m		Fabian Scott

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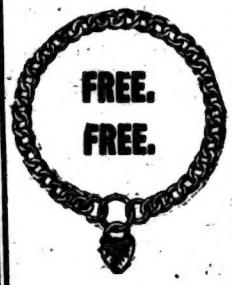

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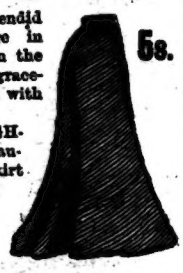

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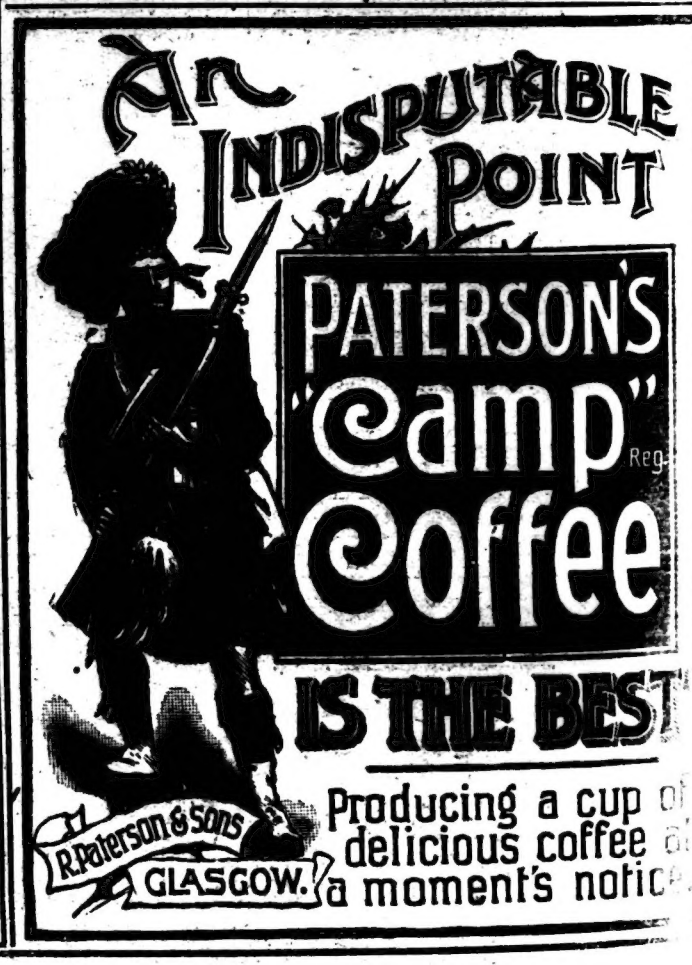

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Available from 8 p.m., Friday, Dec. 7th, 1900, until midnight, Saturday, Dec. 15th, 1900. For full particulars see page 364.

No. 543.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 15, 1900 ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [ONE PENNY.

EDWARD: "That sign 'Closed, taking stock,' has been in that window more than a week."

Ned: "Oh, that's all right! The shop is closed; the sheriff is taking the stock."

DOTING MAMMA: "Rodney, dear, to-morrow is your birthday. What would you like best?"

Rodney (after a brief season of cogitation): "I think I'd like to see the school burn down."

MASTER (to new servant): "Why do you always ring that small bell immediately after ringing the regular dinner bell?"

New Servant: "That's to call the children, sir."

"IT is a base slander to say that the average woman is stingy," she exclaimed. "She may not give as much in 'tips' as man does, but in many other ways she is generous."

"Yes," he replied. "She surely is generous with some things."

She feared a trap, but she could not refrain from asking:

"With what, for instance?"

"With secrets," he answered.

EASY TO ADJUST.

"MR. SCROOGE," said the bookkeeper, "this past week I did the junior clerk's work as well as my own. This being payday, I thought it only right to remind you."

"Very good," said old Scrooge. "Let me see, your salary is two pounds and the clerk's one pound?"

"Yes, sir," replied the bookkeeper, beaming expectantly.

"Then, working half the week for yourself is one pound and the other half for the clerk is ten shillings. Your salary this week will be thirty shillings."

DISAPPOINTING.

THE mental havoc wrought by a long pursuance of the game known as "Anagrams" is sometimes sad to contemplate. A young girl who had a protracted struggle to transpose the words "Nice ham" into something else, at last asked eagerly:

"Are proper names allowable?"

"Never!" was the emphatic response.

"Oh, dear, what a shame!" exclaimed the girl. "I thought I had found an anagram for this old 'Nice ham' at last. To be sure, I don't know that I ever really knew anybody by the name of MacHine, but it sounds as if it were someone's name, anyhow!"

And without a thought of the domestic "machine" so dear to thrifty householders, or to any of the other machines so liberally advertised at every turn, she swept the disappointing combination into a heap, and began her struggle afresh.

FIT FOR NEITHER MAN NOR BEAST.

A YORKSHIRE squire of the good old-fashioned sort met one day the vicar of the parish, a young man, who had been recently appointed to the living, and wishing to be as hospitable to him as he had been to his predecessor, he invited him to drop in some night "and have a glass and a bit crack."

The parson, who practised the mortifying of the flesh, replied that he did not drink.

"Well, well," said the old man, "maybe ye can tak' a draw at the pipe with me."

The reply was:

"I am very sorry, but I do not smoke."

Such unheard-of abstinence completely astounded the squire, and his surprise prevented him from speaking for a few moments.

Then he suddenly asked:

"Do ye eat grass?"

"Eat grass? Certainly not. I do not understand."

"Well, well! Ye don't drink; ye don't smoke—ye're a queer 'un—and ye don't eat grass. Why, man, ye're fit company for neither man nor beast!"

All rights reserved.]

WHO OWNS THE HOUSE.

You ask me if I own the house
  I live in. Well, I thought it
Was mine, because with solid cash—
  All earned by me—I bought it.

But now it seems a little chap
  Who dropped in t'other night'll
Be master here, tho' to the place
  I have a clean, clear title.

He's turned the whole house upside down—
  Changed everything; and yet it
Does seem more homelike since he came
  To oust me and upset it.

He came as comes a king unto
  His own. He showed no papers;
But raised his voice, and cut a few
  Not very king-like capers.

Within the walls I once thought mine
  The rascal holds carouse now;
I walk the floor and pay the bills,
  But Baby owns the house now!

BRAVE MAN.

"CAPTAIN," said the first mate of the good ship *Cauliflower*, while the storm was at its height, "the ship has sprung a leak, the water-tight compartments are full of water and the vessel is going down. What shall we do?"

The gallant skipper's face blanched, but only for one-eighth of a second did he lose his self-control.

"Don't waste a moment!" he replied. "Prepare at once an address thanking me for my coolness and heroism in the face of deadly and overwhelming peril. Let not a boat leave the ship's side until every man and woman has signed it!"

RING THE BELL.

A RUSSIAN gentleman tells a funny story of his first encounter with the English language.

The day after his arrival in London he made a call on a friend in Park Lane, and on leaving the premises inscribed in his note-book what he supposed to be the correct address.

The next day, desiring to go to the same place again he called a cabman and pointed to the address that he had written down. The cabman looked him over, laughed, cracked his whip, and drove away without him.

This experience being repeated with two or three other cabmen, the Russian turned indignantly to the police, with no better results. One officer would laugh, another would tap his head and make a motion imitating the revolution of a wheel.

Finally the poor foreigner gave it up, and with a great deal of difficulty, recalling the landmarks which he had observed the day before, found his way to his friend's house. Once there, and in company with one who could understand him, he delivered himself of a hot condemnation of the cabmen and the police of London for their impertinence and discourtesy.

His friend asked for a look at the mirth-provoking address, and the mystery was solved. This was the entry:

"Ring the bell."

The Russian had with great care copied, character for character, the legend on the gatepost, supposing that it indicated the house and street.

HE: "I thought you knew the Browns. Don't you live in the same square?"

She: "Yes; but you see we don't move in the same circle."

A COMPLICATION: "What's the matter, Parker? You look blue."

"I am. I asked Miss Morrison to be my wife."

"Ah! Rejected?"

"No. Referred me to her mother, and—well, her mother rejected me herself last September."

MISTRESS: "Why, Bridget, you have your fingers in the soup!"

Bridget (reassuringly): "Oh, don't worry, mum; it's not hot."

"MAMMA, are soldiers like little children?"

"Why, dear?"

"Because I see so many being taken out for a walk in the park by nurses."

MRS. CLUBLEIGH: "But, Henry, dear, in this photograph you have only one button on your coat."

Mr. Clubleigh: "Thank goodness you've noticed it at last! That's why I had the photograph taken."

MRS. DE FLATTE: "Boy, did you see a stray pug dog anywhere?"

Smart Boy: "Yes'm. I just saw one bein' chewed up by a big bull-dog, an' I saw another bein' tied to a tin can, and I saw another bein' chopped up fer sausages, an'——"

Mrs. De Flatte (clutching at a railing for support): "Oo! Horrors! I'd give a guinea to get my little Fido safely back."

Smart Boy: "All right, mum. You wait here half-a-minute."

NOT WHAT WAS EXPECTED.

"NAOMI," he said softly, as he gazed at the moon above them, "isn't the evening beautiful? Do you know, strange fancies throng my mind on a night like this. Every zephyr seems to bear gentle voices, perhaps from the spirit world. Do you hear such voices?"

Silence for a moment.

"I think I do, George."

"What do they sound like to you?"

"They are very indistinct, but they make me think that papa and brother Henry are calling the dog."

UP AND DOWN.

A SINFUL citizen of the Ayrshire burgh of Irvine built a handsome mausoleum for himself and family in the new cemetery. He spared no expense, and was rather proud of his family burying-place. He used to superintend the operations of the workmen, and note their progress.

As he was going to the place one day he met a worthy elder of the kirk, and asked him if he had seen the new vault.

"Ou, aye," was all the answer he got.

Nothing daunted, he proceeded to expatiate on the theme, and concluded by saying. "Yon's a gey strong place! It'll tak' a man a' his time to rise oot o' yon place at the last day."

"My man," said the elder, "dinna gie yersel' ony tribble aboot risin', when the day o' judgment comes it'll be unco' easy to tak' the boddam on't oot and lat ye gang doon."

BABIES AND BARNS.

A HAPPY young father and mother on a farm in Hampshire had been enjoying the looks of their first-born son for a week, when their large new barn was burnt. A year or two later, when this little boy's first little sister was a week old, the big and handsome barn built to replace the first one caught fire, and was burnt down also.

A second little sister arrived later, on November 4th, and the next day, while the eldest little boy was playing with fireworks, the third barn was burnt.

Years went on, and the farmer had built two big barns for his increasing needs, when one fine day he was told that he was the father of twins. For a moment he stood dumb; then he laughed and said:

"Good! that's the way it ought to be. I've got two barns now—a barn to burn for each twin. Twins is right."

But from last accounts barns and twins were both prospering, and the farmer believes that his luck has improved.

Inquire to-day and you will be able to lift the burden of Christmas giving by means of a first payment of five shillings.
See the first page of supplement.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

MURPHY'S PATENT FOOT-WARMER.

By R. ANDOM, *Author of "We Three and Troddles," "Martha and I," "Side Slips," etc.*

YOU know something of my cousin Murphy and his peculiarities, otherwise I should be chary of telling you this story.

Murphy had quite a long spell of absolutely harmless existence, and his friends and relatives were beginning to get quite hopeful about him, when it did seem as though, at last, his faculty for inventing painful and dangerous aids to civilisation had exhausted itself. They didn't know Murphy so well as I did, or they would not have been so rashly optimistic. As a matter of fact, Murphy had done nothing to add to the tribulation of life of those who came in contact with him, because there had been no occasion until the cold weather set in: but when it did he was at it again, and with a persistence and vigour that amply atoned for the period he had allowed his inventive faculty to lie fallow.

"What is it?" said I, "a baked-potato can or a coffee-berry roaster."

"Why not a steam mangle or a patent hot-air grass cutter?" snarled my relative.

"Because it doesn't look like either," said I simply.

And it didn't you know. The article in question was a block-tin arrangement, oblong in shape, and rather shallow, having a convex top in which a couple of holes were cut, and nicely padded with leather. Murphy trotted it out for my inspection one evening when I chanced to drop in on my way back from a spin on my bike to Southend.

"It is something very clever, I have no doubt," I added soothingly.

Murphy looked gratified.

"I don't know about that," said he modestly, "but it will entirely revolutionise the conditions of life in winter in this country. What do we as a class chiefly suffer from?"

I might have said inventive relatives, but I didn't.

"Want of cash," I hazarded.

That wasn't the answer evidently; it put Murphy's back up almost as much as if I had mentioned my first idea.

"Oh, if you are going to be silly, we'll drop it," said he shortly.

"Sorry," said I contritely, lighting my pipe. "Suppose, instead of propounding conundrums, you make due allowance for my dulness of perception and riddle me what it is we do suffer from, and what connection the answer has with your bit of tinware and trimmings. Before you begin, though, you might spare a shovel or two of your carefully hoarded stock of coals—my feet are simply freezing."

"There you are, you've just hit it," yelled Murphy, jumping up in wild excitement and banging his head on the mantelpiece.

"You have, seemingly," said I pointedly. "Did it hurt?"

"That is just where I have been trying to get you," continued my cousin, ignoring my remark and his pain in the sheer delight he experienced at my casual and quite ordinary observation. "Cold feet is just what we do suffer from, and from the attention I have been able to devote to this vital matter, I am very well assured that it is the primary cause of most of the complaints with which we, as a nation, are afflicted.

"The real secret of health is to keep the feet warm and dry. It is a simple law, but no one who observes it will fall a victim to the many dreadful scourges which are increasing at an alarming rate in all temperate climates. Now, ordinarily, of course, the usual foot-wear is sufficient for this purpose; but on long journeys this is not so, and my invention is designed to supply the deficiency of heat. Not only will it tend to maintain health, but it will render winter travelling a positive luxury instead of being the miserable, comfortless, and dangerous ordeal that it now is."

"Oh, I see, it is a foot-warmer," I interposed, anxious to cut Murphy short before he settled into a tiresome disquisition on every subject under the sun having the remotest connection with his latest fad.

"Yes," Murphy admitted grudgingly, "I suppose it is that. But it is something a trifle advanced on the crude and primitive device of filling a metal can with hot water, which gets cold before you have got twenty miles on your journey, and leaves you in a worse state than you would have been without it."

Before I managed to effect a retreat, Murphy, under a pledge of absolute secrecy, as the thing had still to be patented, showed me the interior economy of his foot-warmer. It was simple and rather ingenious, and consisted of a strong chamber, in which gas sufficient to last for eight to ten hours was stored under pressure. The heat was obtained from a couple of small burners, and was circulated by means of lengths of fine brass tubing.

As I understood Murphy, who was so eloquent over his invention that it was well nigh impossible to tie him down to details, one half of the domed lid fell back, and allowed the feet to rest on a steel plate which imparted a delightful sense of warmth through the stoutest boots a man was likely to be wearing, and, when closed and held by a simple catch, the legs came up through the leather-padded holes cut for that purpose.

In practice the invention proved much more interesting, and I would cheerfully have paid a stiff fare to have been present when my unfortunate cousin gave it its first and only practical trial.

To reverse the general order of things and begin at the end, three weeks after my visit Murphy came limping into my place about ten o'clock one night, in a tall hat and overcoat and umbrella, but bare-footed, and with a pair of dress trousers so burnt and scorched that he was practically bare-legged as well. And he sat until twelve with his feet in a basin of oil which I procured for him at his urgent request, and in between his groans this is the story I extracted from him.

Murphy, it seems, had caught the five o'clock train at his place with the idea of putting in an appearance that evening in London at a notable gathering in which he was interested.

It was a raw, cold night, with an icy sleet falling and messing up the roads, and doing its level best to make everything and everybody uncomfortable, and the opportunity seemed to Murphy an ideal one for putting his patent foot-warmer to a practical test. There might not be any special call for it going up, but coming back by the midnight train there would be a very great advantage in having it, and so Murphy popped it into its case and took it along with him.

I believe at the outset Murphy did not intend to avail himself of the geniál comforts of his invention; but you know how it is when a man who has prematurely entered his second childhood gets a new toy to play with! His train wasn't timed to stop before it reached Romford, and long ere that he had got his tin construction out of its case and was furtively gloating over it with the suppressed glee of a man who has, unknown to the world, done something to cast the triumphs of an Edison into outer darkness.

There were half-a-dozen people besides himself in the carriage, and having nothing else to do they watched Murphy with considerable interest, and one old lady even went so far as to observe that she hoped it wasn't loaded. Murphy reassured her on this point, and entered into a discussion on the purpose and merits of the invention with her husband, who was evidently a gentleman of a very practical turn of mind.

"Foot-warmer?" said he. "Well, why don't you wear it? If the thing is any good I should think you would be remarkably glad to make it useful—if you were half as cold as I am, that is."

"Well, I think I will," said Murphy promptly seizing hold of the opportunity that offered. "Now you mention it, it is getting a bit cold in here."

So my relative placed his contrivance on the floor in position and fixing his feet in it he turned on the gas, poked a match in, and sat back with an air of well-simulated ease and nonchalance.

He remained like that for a few minutes, and was then just about to remark on the speedy effect the warmer was having on his temperature, when the lady in the opposite corner started sniffing suspiciously.

"I thought I could smell gas," she remarked, fixing her gaze on the owner of the foot-roaster.

Murphy bent over in sudden anxiety, and hadn't the least doubt whatever on the subject. The carriage was half-full of gas, and he got a complete charge of it on his chest, which nearly choked him past all interest in such humdrum matters as feet, hot or cold.

It was a simple matter and easily rectified, the match having gone out without catching the burners; but he felt very thankful that he hadn't alluded to the improvement in his condition he had imagined was taking place. He lit it again, and took care this time that it was alight, while his fellow travellers watched him with greater interest than ever, all except the old lady, who regarded him with an increased manifestation of anxiety, and ostentatiously shifted her seat to the opposite end of the carriage.

Just as the train left Romford Station, Murphy, who had been fidgeting in his seat in a curious state of restlessness, suddenly threw his rug on to the floor, and bent down in a hurry and started to fumble round his contrivance. At about the same time the gentleman opposite him remarked positively:

"I am afraid you have got something burning, sir, and something rather unpleasant, too."

There was no mistake about that, for the greasy, heavy steam that now filled the carriage was faintly suggestive of a glue factory being run next door to a bone-manure warehouse.

For answer Murphy gave a howl of pain, and shot up in a hurry and crammed his fingers into his mouth. He had been feeling for the tap which shut off the supply of gas. He was rather anxious to find it at first, but when he did he found it nearly red hot, and he didn't stop to play with it.

"It is getting a bit too warm, I think," he murmured, bravely crushing his pain and uneasiness in an endeavour to appear casual and collected. "It is rather difficult to get at you know," he continued apologetically, "would you just mind turning that tap for me."

The gentleman did mind very much, and he told Murphy so without any unnecessary reservations, as he also crammed his fingers into his mouth and danced about the carriage.

"I'm very sorry," stammered Murphy. "I forgot. Here, I'll just unfix the thing bodily, and put it out afterwards."

"Out of the window, I hope," interposed a quiet-looking man in the corner, who had travelled. "It is rather close in here to run a chemical-manure factory."

Murphy scowled at him; but he forebore to retort and bent over with a view of releasing himself from the patent foot-warmer which had settled down to its business, and was foot-warming to an extent beyond anything that its inventor had expected from it. At that moment it made Murphy just sufficiently anxious to get away from it to cause him to hasten his movements. Two minutes later he was tearing at the catch, regardless of his singed fingers, and breaking out into a profound perspiration; and in another brief fleeting moment he was dancing up and down in his seat, emitting ear-piercing yells of anguish and dismay.

Metals expand with heat, you know. Murphy knew it, even if he didn't remember it just then; and owing to this simple fact in natural law, the locking apparatus had got jammed, and nothing my unfortunate cousin could do served to release it.

He was in too much of a hurry to go calmly and quietly to work on the thing, too restless and uneasy. He would bend down as if moved by a stern determination to do this thing or die. Then almost before he had time to touch it up he would skip again with a howl and try to do a sprint across the carriage.

They got hold of him and held him to his seat by main force at last, and by the time the train drew up at Ilford he was sitting there screaming like a madman: "Take it off, oh, do take it off, someone!"

They got Murphy out on the platform at Ilford and stopped the train, while the guard, assisted by the engine-driver and three porters and a newsboy, fumbled about the patent foot-warmer and burnt their fingers without accomplishing anything useful, while Murphy squirmed about on his back and emitted dismal howls of tribulation and woe.

The trouble was that they didn't any of them understand the matter at first, and Murphy was much too excited to give them anything like a clear and detailed explanation such as might have helped. They had to send the train on, of course, and those who could have assisted in elucidating the mystery went with it, leaving the porters and the boy and half-a-hundred loafers and intending passengers to work the thing out for themselves.

"Why, s'elp me never, if he ain't wearing a red 'ot Dutch oven!" a bricklayer burst out with. "'Ere get a pail of water, or 'e'll be stewed in his own gravy."

The water was brought, and Murphy, hauled up by sturdy hands, was let down into it, and with a hiss and a cloud of steam the instrument of acute torture he was wearing became a mere patent foot-warmer once again.

Sobbing like a kid who has had a whipping, the patentee was lifted bodily to a bench, losing his watch and all his spare cash in transit in an inexplicable way to all save one of his most kindly and officious ministers who was noticeably forward in lending his aid. The Romford train coming in at that moment, drew off the rest of the sympathetic mob, and left my relative alone on the platform save for a good-natured porter, who, with a screw-driver and much patient application, at length contrived to remove the foot-warmer and leave Murphy sitting with a tangle of leather and worsted about his ankles and a pair of trousers in a disgracefully abbreviated condition.

Murphy was completely collapsed and he hadn't even the wit to take the next train back. The porter suggested that a chemist would be a useful ally and offered to go and get something soothing. It was then Murphy discovered that he had been relieved of his cash. It wasn't a very serious amount, and he wasn't in a condition to trouble about mere filthy lucre just then if it had been; but he declined to bother the man under the circumstances and pulling himself together as well as he could he marched bare-footed out of the station, chartered a cab outside, and came eight miles across country to borrow from me the loan of a basin of oil and a bed.

Of course, I was very pleased to lend him both, and he kept the latter for the rest of the week, and then went back full of an almost sinful disregard for the dangers attending the use of cold feet; and so mighty anxious to get away from any allusion to that or other matters connected with the subject that he even forgot to stop at Ilford and secure his patent-go-ahead-and-drive-you-mad foot-warming contrivance, which I thought rather a pity, because, with a little adaptation it might have been made really useful for grilling steak or as a patent dust destructor for municipal use in small communities.

"MY character," said an alderman, who had cleared himself from a charge of bribery, "my character, sir, is like my boots—all the brighter for blacking."

FIRST SPENDTHRIFT: "I'll never borrow a single sovereign again as long as I live."

Second: "Why this admirable resolution?"

"Because I've found it just as easy to borrow five."

"Christmas Presents, all about them," will be found in the HOME NOTES Christmas Double Fashion Number.

89 STRAND. WHERE THE PLAYS COME FROM.

THE SIEVE THROUGH WHICH 2,500 PLAYS PASS ANNUALLY.

WHEN speaking of the dramatic profession, what is said about it usually refers to the stage proper. It is, therefore, obvious that when talking of amateur actors, the peculiar branch of the profession they control should be styled the amateur dramatic profession.

The former—the real thing—has its own distinctive community, its own exchange and agencies, in short its own very exclusive world; but the amateur dramatic profession, though a leading feature of the world and one of its greatest supports, has only one channel for inter-communication, and that channel is French's.

"Originally founded by Lacy about sixty years ago," said Mr. Wentworth Hogg to *P.W.*, "we came into possession of the business thirty years ago, since when the taste for amateur acting has increased with amazing rapidity, making our business grow with it.

"We hold the rights of and publish about 6,000 plays—including dramas, comedies, and sketches—and about 2,000 recitations.

"We are essentially an aid to the amateur. We only get hold of those plays which are suitable for amateurs to play, and which have had a successful run first of all on the professional boards. Naturally we do not barter for failures.

"Unproduced plays we have no market for, nor have we a market for any play whose moral tone is below par, such as problem plays, no matter how successful they have been. And yet, in spite of these restrictions—and we are very particular in their observance—we have 6,000 healthy plays for amateurs to choose from, which proves that the moral tone of the stage is not on the down grade.

"Home play-acting is becoming very popular, and nowhere more so than in the Royal Family, where the guiding spirit is the Princess Beatrice. She is a great amateur actor, and a clever one to boot; so, too, is Princess Victoria.

"As a school for gaining confidence there is nothing like acting. Where will you find a body of people so self-possessed and confident and who can control their feelings, like the members of the dramatic profession?

"All the Queen's descendants are nervous in Society, nervous anywhere, but this home-playing, which is becoming a permanent feature of the inner Royal life, is being found to act already as a sedative to the nerves of the Royal children.

"Although we want only plays that have already been produced, as I have said, yet on the average we get about 200 manuscripts sent in every month.

"Feeling that there may be a gem amongst them, I conscientiously examine all to find a budding Pinero, a Grundy, a Jones or a Gilbert. In this way I have read the work of thousands of would-be dramatists, and the number of those whose work gave promise has been exceedingly small.

"A play from Australia came to hand the other day. It was long enough for it to have lasted a week playing night and day, but fearing that it was too short for it to spread over three hours, the author regularly sent us by each succeeding mail considerable additions to be put here and there to the speeches of the characters. Supposing it were put on the stage as it is now written, it would take a month to play.

"We come across some very funny specimens. I was reading an MS. the other day which was the funniest thing I ever read. Of course, the play was a serious one, that's why it was so funny. In the elaborate directions given to the actors, one was directed to 'Go off the stage for some beer, and return in a few minutes.' The other characters on the stage were to wait like tailors' dummies until his return.

"The most popular play for amateurs? I should say that *Caste* leads. We paid £5,000 for the rights of *Caste* in 1880. *Proof*, too, has proved a very acceptable play. That is our own play. We produced it on the professional boards on April 20th, 1878.

"We hold a third right in the ever-green *Silver King*. We bought Herman's share and gave him £800. Within two years of the purchase we netted over £2,000 profit. *Sweet Lavender* is another popular piece favoured by amateurs the country over.

"Since the demise of the Dramatic Authors' Society, we have taken its place, and now look after the interests of all our prominent dramatists and our minor ones, numbering in all over two hundred.

"How do our embryo dramatists prepare their MSS.? Some very slovenly and carelessly, but the majority are very neat in their work, particularly when the author is an ambitious clerk. But the most extravagantly got up MS. came to hand only last week. It must have cost at least £100. It was interleaved with really magnificent drawings done by a good artist, whilst the cover was the most beautiful thing I ever saw. It was rich in ornamentation, and sketched in gold and water colours. The paper was white, thick and creamy, and the writing was done in the engrossing style. Its outer covering was of rich, dark, crimson silk, with cords and tassels. I sent it back at once—declined with thanks. As an ornament it was valuable; as a play it was useless."

THE SONG THAT REACHED HIS HEART.

THE skilled reporter heard a famous vocalist sing "Wait till the clouds roll by, Jenny," and as he wanted a copy of the song, he took down the words exactly as they were uttered. This is what he found when he had transcribed his phonetic notes:

Wah tah the claw raw baw, Jany,
Wah tah the claw raw baw;
Jany, ma aw traw law waw,
Wah tah the claw raw baw.

He did not want any more verses.

SECOND-HAND TEA.

Do you drink second-hand tea? Of course you don't if you know it, but the trouble is that it is on the market, and you can't tell it from the fresh article by looking at it.

"Collecting tea leaves that have been used is getting to be quite an industry," said a well-known hotel man. "After the tea has been drawn we have no further use for them, and in many restaurant and hotel kitchens, by paying the cook a small amount, the leaves will be saved. Once a week a man calls for them. He has a big bag, into which they are hastily dumped.

"These leaves are then dried and put on the market. This second-hand tea sells at a lower price than fresh tea, and finds many buyers."

TEACHER: "What is the future of the verb 'to love,' Jennie?"

Jennie (sweet sixteen): "To get married."

"NOISELESS pneumatic tyres are put on rocking-chairs now."

"Well, let us be patient; perhaps they'll start putting them on piano keys."

SURE ENOUGH.

A BUSY merchant who had not taken a holiday for years, in which time every other member of his family had enjoyed an annual outing, concluded to give himself a rest of a week or two and started for Scotland.

When he had been gone a day he received a telegram from his wife to this effect:

Our house was entirely destroyed by fire last night. The children and I escaped unharmed. Come home at once.
MARIA.

To this, after reflecting a moment, he replied as follows:

What is the use of coming home when there is no home to come to? Take the children to mother's, stay there with them till I join you and don't worry.
FRANK.

THE SHADOW OF THE PAST.

SHE laid her face against her mother's breast and sobbed.

"My poor child, what is it?" the elder lady asked. "Has Reginald been cruel to you?"

"No, mamma," the bride replied, "it is not that. It is all on account of a terrible discovery. I——"

"Ah!" the fond mother exclaimed. "then he did not tell you all before it was too late! Oh, my poor child! Oh, the monster! There's a dark page in his life! Ah, how can a man be so base! How——"

"He found the photograph of me sitting in a basin," the stricken one interrupted, "that you had taken for a baby food advertisement!"

Then they sat there dumb with grief.

MAMMA: "No, Willie, I wouldn't ask papa for anything this morning; he's just put on his rough winter flannels."

"DAUBER has hit it at last; he's making fame and money."

"How?"

"People have begun to notice that he paints smaller hands and feet than any other portrait painter in town."

CHEQUES CHEAP.

AN old chap who lived in a rural part of the country came suddenly into a large sum of money through the death of a near relative.

He consequently became the proud possessor of a cheque book, and thinking this such a good idea, the cheque was used on every possible occasion.

But the finishing touch came when one day he chanced to go to the town on business.

As he was coming out of the station he was assailed by a youngster selling matches.

"Vestas, sir," said the lad.

"How much?" queried the farmer.

"Penny the box, sir, or twa fur three-ha-pence," replied the youngster.

"A richt, gi' us twa boxes and look here—will ye hae cash down or a cheque?"

SHIPS AS PEDLARS.

THE QUEER SIDE OF A QUEER LIFE.

THE man with a pack on his back, trudging from village to village and offering for sale at cottage and farm-house doors a miscellaneous collection of wares, has his counterpart in the ocean pedlar, ranging in size from a trim schooner trading among the islands of the Pacific, to a steamer of one or two thousand tons burden.

Unlike the ocean "tramp" that steams in ballast from one port to another in quest of a charter, the ocean pedlar starts out from Hamburg or San Francisco, the chief home ports of the trade, with a definite object in view. Sailing from the former city the course is generally laid either to the coasts of Africa or South America, having in the hold a varied assortment of goods likely to be marketable in the regions visited—cotton fabrics, trinkets, arms, ammunition, liquors, and all spare room filled up with coal.

As the largest profits are often derived from the sale of contraband munitions of war to insurgent bodies, their detection by regular authorities would lead to instant confiscation; several thousand rounds of cartridges are probably done up in innocent-looking cases stamped, "Corned Beef," and a few stands of discarded German army rifles in packages labelled, "Glass—With Care."

The captain of such a vessel must possess not only ability as a navigator, but an expert knowledge of the requirements of his trade, in addition to a plausible tongue wherewith to successfully barter his wares and win over the goodwill of an ill-disposed commandant. If he does not own an interest in the ship herself, it is generally required that he shall do so in her ventured cargo.

Trudging along over the ocean at a seven or eight-knot pace, saving his coal as much as possible, the pedlar opens his trade by casting anchor in, say, a South or Central American port, when, having "squared" the commandant, he invites local merchants and others on board to inspect his stock. Duty, of course, has to be paid by the purchaser, but in certain cases that difficulty is often overcome by the visitor to the ship going ashore swollen out, perhaps, to three times his normal size by as many new suits of clothing.

The greatest good fortune that can fall in the way of an ocean pedlar is for a British or American man-of-war to put into some out-of-the-way port in which he is lying, short of coal. Then from his spare stock he sells a few hundred tons at as hard a bargain as the necessity of the purchaser permits him to drive.

On the Central American coast the pedlar usually times his visit at about the commencement of the coffee season, that is, early in the new year, so that when he has sold out his wares he is able to load up, almost to the water line, with the principal export of the country and crawl off home round Cape Horn.

That the ocean peddling trade is not without its dangers is illustrated by a story told by a mate of one of those vessels.

In order to preserve his respectable character the contraband goods are sometimes obliged to be stored in places likely to escape the vigilant eye of the customs officer, and, in the case in question, the mate's bunk was chosen as the safest repository for certain packages of dynamite consigned to the leaders of a Nicaraguan revolution.

All went well until the night before the ship was due to arrive at her destination, when a fearful thunderstorm broke over the vessel—the lightning playing about the masts in a most alarming manner. The mate confessed that the idea of turning in upon a bed of dynamite under such circumstances was not conducive to peaceful repose, even to one accustomed to sleep through all manner of dangers; but with the reflection that if a flash found its way to his bunk he would not be likely to be made aware of the fact, he slumbered serenely through his watch below, and next day delivered the "preserved tomatoes" safely to the consignee.

The ocean peddling trade on the Pacific has been shorn of much of its profit since the inter-island passenger traffic in natives—who too often were carried as passengers much against their will, to dive for pearls on the great Australian Bank—has been effectually suppressed. Still, a considerable trade is carried on in peddling small articles of hardware, cheap chromos, old clothes, personal trinkets, and an occasional case of "dry goods," which, if seized, would turn out to be remarkably wet.

2d. THE CHRISTMAS "BIG BUDGET" 2d.

is, in the opinion of the Editor and Staff, the very best two pen'orth of funny pictures and thrilling stories yet issued.

The Christmas BIG BUDGET is ON SALE NOW.

DON'T FORGET TO TAKE IT HOME WITH YOU.

Questions Worth Answering.

Half-a-crown is paid for every Question used, and Replies at the rate of two guineas a column.

REPLIES.

5328. Which is the Most Vulnerable Spot in the British Empire?

This question is somewhat complicated by the fact that so long as this country keeps the command of the sea all parts of the Empire are, with very few exceptions, equally vulnerable or invulnerable. It must also be remembered that so far as the British Islands are concerned invasion would not be necessary, since effective blockade would mean starvation and surrender in a month or so. Again, no enemy would attempt invasion till the fleet had been crippled. Napoleon with 400,000 men was afraid to cross the Straits of Dover though they was patrolled by only one old frigate, while Von Moltke admitted that he had eight plans for getting into England, but none for getting out again. Vast areas of our colonies are practically unprotected, but then they are so far away from any possible enemy's base that to invade them would be to tempt disaster with little hope of adequate reward. Of ports which we make some pretence of defending, the most vulnerable are probably Capetown and Hong Kong. Their fortifications bear no comparison to those of the European frontiers, and they are defended mostly by obsolete artillery, which would be hopelessly outranged by the guns of modern battleships and cruisers, just as all but our naval guns were in South Africa by the Boer artillery.

5329. Do any of Her Majesty's Subjects Maintain an Army of their Own within the Boundaries of Great Britain?

Yes, the Duke of Atholl does; but, strictly speaking, his Grace, in keeping up an armed bodyguard of 228 officers and men at his Castle at Blair Atholl, commits an unconstitutional act, still the illegality was legalised by an act of grace on the Queen's part when she presented the Atholl Highlanders with a pair of colours in 1842. Previous to that date the men were armed with ancient weapons, such as Lochaber axes, claymores, and targets. One company of this unique body consists of men averaging 6ft. 1½in. in height; the other averages 5ft. 10¾in. In stature and physique alike the men are the envy and despair of the recruiting sergeant. To a man, they are all drawn from amongst the Duke's tenants and retainers.

5330. Which is the Most Curiously Named Street in England?

Apparently the best answer to this question is a street in Hull called Land of Green Ginger. It runs out of Silver Street in the heart of the town and is chiefly composed of hotels, solicitors' offices, etc., and a couple of large banks at two corners of it. According to the historian Gent, the street seems to have received its name somewhere about the year 1700. King Henry VIII. resided almost on the site of it during his visit to Hull in 1540, and the place was then known as King's Manor; in fact, there is still a Manor Street, which runs parallel to Land of Green Ginger. The same authority tells us that the morning collation of the English Court held here was green ginger—*i.e.*, "green ginger cured with lemon juice"—with choice Malmsey, which was the custom at the time, possibly on account of the coldness of the climate. There is no doubt that green ginger figured as a luxury of the Royal table at that time. Adjoining the Palace were spacious gardens, where large quantities of the ginger was grown, the soil being very suitable, just as that of Pontefract was for the growth of the liquorice plant.

5331. Does Civilisation Tend to Make Men Less Brave in Battle?

In answering this question we must be careful to distinguish between the two kinds of bravery and the two kinds of civilisation. The bravery of the savage ignores danger, and rushes heedless on to destruction, while that of the highly-civilised man recognises danger, calculates chances, and then faces the inevitable in comparatively cold blood. This is as superior to the mere physical courage of the savage as moral is to physical force. The Duke of Wellington is reported to have said to a young officer who asked him if he did not feel frightened on a certain battlefield: "Sir, if you were as frightened as I am you would leave the field." Again there is the civilisation which braces and that which enervates. Anglo-Saxon civilisation has produced the highest form of courage the world has ever seen, while that of Byzantium transformed the conquerors of the East into armies of gorgeously clad and splendidly armed men who had so little of the soldier in them that they were practically swept off the earth by the half-clad, half-armed hordes which left the deserts of Arabia to fight the first battles of Islam.

5332. Has an Egg ever been Produced in Legal Evidence as a Certificate of Birth?

This singular birth certificate was submitted at a meeting of the school attendance committee at Norwich Union in February, 1899. A widow named Bell had been called upon to prove that her daughter had reached school exemption age. She produced an egg, beautifully coloured in purple, yellow, and cream, whereon, in almost copper plate characters, the name and date of nativity were picked out in white, together with the texts "The Lord shall guide thee continually" and "Teach me to do thy will." This novel certificate was the only record possessed by the mother, and after being much admired by the committee was accepted as evidence.

5333. Has Criticism on the whole been Beneficial to Literature?

As regards certain departments of Letters the answer is undoubtedly yes. The historian, and the writer on scientific subjects generally are kept up to the mark, and their efficiency is greatly increased by the knowledge that their work will be criticised by experts in their own line, and that any errors or shortcomings will be immediately detected. Again, criticism, when it takes such form as Macaulay's Essays is itself literature, and therefore adds to the intellectual wealth of humanity. Beyond this criticism is practically worthless. Without fully indorsing Lord Beaconsfield's bitter saying that "a critic is a person who has failed either in literature or art," we may grant that, since creation of the lowest order is greater than criticism of the highest, it follows that the literary expert as a rule does not condescend to criticism simply because it would not pay him either in reputation or in money to do so. The effect of modern criticism in guiding public opinion is practically nil. The general standard of education is now high enough to enable everyone to form some sort of a judgment for himself, and, right or wrong, he prefers his own to the critics. This is proved every day by the fact that no amount of praise or blame from the critics will make the public buy a book it does not want, or refrain from buying one that it does, and practically the same may be said of criticism of dramatic literature.

5334. Why is Giddiness Common on Heights and Rare in Balloon Ascents?

No conclusive explanation of this curious difference has been offered, the difficulty of the question being increased by our ignorance of the cause of such giddiness. On heights it seems to be caused by (1) fear of falling; (2) the inability to measure the distance of objects below, and so the loss of this means of maintaining the equilibrium; (3) an obscure nervous condition that is often associated with a desire to throw oneself down; and to these may be added (4) some over-action of the heart brought on by the efforts in attaining the height. In a balloon ascent the beginner is generally placed in a position that gives him a feeling of security, and as he has not to maintain his equilibrium by muscular effort, he does not make the same futile attempts to measure the distance below; in fact, in a balloon ascent, the earth seems to fall away at once, and become a kind of moving picture unassociated with the observer's position. The unreality of the receding ground is also probably the reason why the desire to plunge downwards, so common a feeling on heights, is very rarely present in a balloon ascent. Lastly, the balloon does not cause the heart-strain of climbing a height, and the bodily effects of such an ascent are so novel, that any giddiness is assigned to sudden alteration in the barometric pressure, and to change of temperature, rather than to the effect of simple height above the ground.

5335. Has a European Monarch ever Earned his Living as a Schoolmaster?

There have been more instances than one of this. Louis Philippe, afterwards King of the French, fled from France in 1793 when he was Duke of Chartres, on hearing that the Revolutionists had issued an order for his arrest. He escaped to Switzerland, and there with his sister Adelaide wandered about among the mountains for some months. Under the name of M. Chabaud-Latour, he taught for a time geography and mathematics in a school at Reichenau, near Chur. He afterwards went to the north of Europe; then to America, and in 1800 he came to England. In 1830 he became King of the French. A more recent example of something similar is that of the present King of Denmark. Duke Frederick Christian of Schleswig-Holstein succeeded by treaty to the throne of Denmark in 1863, on the death of Frederick III. of Denmark without an heir. Before he was nominated presumptive successor to the Danish throne, the Duke was a poor man. His daughters—one of whom became afterwards Empress of Russia and another Princess of Wales—had to make their own dresses; and the Duke himself at Jugenheim, near Darmstadt, and at Frankfort-on-the-Main, added to his income by giving drawing lessons. In ancient times Dionysius of Syracuse, driven from the throne into exile, earned his living first as a schoolmaster and afterwards as a barber.

5336. Why is the Productiveness of Land Increased by the Process Known as "Green Manuring"?

Land which is poor in organic matter is sometimes enriched by the process named, which consists in raising a quickly growing crop of such plants as mustard or vetches, and then ploughing it in. Plants feed on the carbonic acid gas contained in the air and the water with dissolved mineral matter in the soil. The ploughed-in crop restores to the land what it has taken away from it, and adds anything it may have absorbed from the air. But the restored matter is in a better state for the use of the next crop, and the decomposing green matter helps to dissolve some of the minerals in the soil, and render them available as plant food. In the case of vetches and other leguminous plants, when used for green manuring, there is a still further and very great advantage. For such plants, with the aid of bacteria contained in swellings on their roots, are able to take free nitrogen out of the air, causing it to combine with other elements, thus largely adding to the stock of nitrogenous plant-food in the ground. Green manuring also loosens and improves the texture of the soil.

5337. Which two Metals that are Often Mined Together have the Most Opposite Characteristics?

Probably antimony and lead, which are often found together. The former is a brilliant, bluish white, crystalline metal, so brittle that it may be pounded in a mortar to powder, liable to take fire when strongly heated, and of light specific gravity. Lead has almost exactly the reverse of all these characteristics. Antimony is also found in conjunction with silver, zinc, and, in all cases, makes a most troublesome constituent along with them, as special smelting processes are required to deal with ores in which it occurs. Arsenic, which is not infrequently mined along with tin, has practically nothing in common with the latter metal, whilst wolfram and tin are two other metals occurring together, but having very different characteristics. Cobalt and nickel, which, in New Caledonia, are extensively mined together, are still another pair of very dissimilar metals.

QUESTIONS.

5361. Of all the islets or rocks in the world which is situated at the greatest distance from the nearest mainland?

5362. In which respect has our Army most improved since the beginning of the nineteenth century?

5363. Are there any Colonials now in the British Navy who have attained the rank of Admiral?

5364. Where is the smallest political constituency in the United Kingdom?

5365. Is it true that the relative power of the attack over the defence is less now than it used to be?

5366. Which of our important public offices in England is the worst contrived to perform its functions efficiently?

5367. Which county in Great Britain is most English in blood?

5368. What is the origin of the custom which makes it incumbent on Members entering the House of Commons to bow to the Speaker?

5369. Which part of England, as it now exists, was last incorporated in the Kingdom?

5370. Which nation has employed mercenary troops with the greatest success?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay at the rate of two guineas a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries, whether his own or not. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

SUFFERER: "Do you extract teeth without pain?"

Dentist: "Not always. I sprained my wrist on one a couple of days ago, and it hurts yet."

ON the occasion of the Shah's visit to the pavilion of clockwork at the Paris Exhibition he was shown a clock which fired off a pistol every hour.

"To kill time, eh?" remarked the Persian monarch.

LANDLORD: "I called to collect the rent."

Little Girl: "Please, sir, mamma's gone out and forgot to leave it."

Landlord: "How do you know she forgot it?"

Little Girl: "Because she said so."

BUTCHER: "Have you any orders this morning, madam?"

Young Wife (who is keeping house): "Yes, that calf's liver you brought me last week was very fine. I want another one, but be sure and get it from the same calf, as my husband is very particular."

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R. J. PAULL,
General Manager and Secretary.

Your mince-pies are very good. Why don't you go in for the competition which will be announced in next week's HOME NOTES (dated December 22nd). Full particulars therein.

CARRYING DISPATCHES AT SEA.

DONE BY STEAM TO-DAY—BY MUSCLES A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

DISPATCH carrying at sea is quite another matter to-day from what it was a hundred, or even fifty, years ago, when the ships of war depended upon the elements rather than good Welsh coal and delicate machinery for the promptness and safety of their delivery.

In the days of Nelson the delivering of parchment orders was numbered amongst the most dangerous missions in Her Majesty's Navy, and, whereas in those times it mostly devolved upon the courage of the individual, it is now made the work of a crew, and the success of an undertaking of this kind in a modern war would for the most part depend upon the daring of the officer in whose hands the important message is placed. History, though generally written on the broad results of encounters, tells of some daring deeds which have been performed in the Navy, when plucky men have volunteered to carry dispatches from one ship to another, and, placing the parchment order in a brass box attached to a belt, have girded the leather about them, and plunging overboard, have trusted to their muscles, a cool head, and great good luck to come out of the ordeal alive. Many a sailor has won brass buttons and a name in history for deeds of this description; but their methods have faded away in the strides of progress, and it is not difficult to picture what would happen if we found ourselves at war to-morrow with a Continental Power commanding a powerful fleet.

Britain's first step in such a case would be to blockade the enemy's ports with the least possible delay, and to do this, and at the same time to keep in touch with "home," fast cruisers and torpedo-boat destroyers would have constantly to be plying between the one and the other. It is to these craft that the honour of dispatch carrying would be intrusted, and it might be safely assumed that the result would be satisfactory.

Both in armoured cruisers and in torpedo-boat destroyers this country stands unrivalled, more particularly in speed, and well may this be said now that our latest results in respect to the latter class have shown that a speed of thirty-two knots an hour can be attained by means of the turbine-motor power.

This means that dispatches could be carried over the water at almost the same speed that an average passenger train would cover the distance in.

A fleet blockading Brest, for instance, and keeping a strict watch on the port day and night, would find it necessary to coal without leaving the French coast out of sight. The Admiral, in an event of this kind, would find it necessary to communicate with the authorities at home, stating when and where he would like to be "coaled," as the saying goes in the Navy. In a war with our neigbour, cruising in the Channel would be a dangerous occupation, and it would certainly be a dangerous billet for a small boat to make the journey off her own bat, as even in the most perfect blockades there are loopholes for the enemy, and a few daring characters on the high seas might wreak havoc with unprotected small craft.

A torpedo-boat destroyer undertaking to carry the dispatch would have to be smartly handled in any event, and even with all her travelling capabilities she might be held up by a superior boat, in which case the last resource would have to be taken. This is the destroying of the dispatch.

It is pretty well known that all Her Majesty's ships carry dispatch-boxes, and in the event of the boat falling into the hands of the enemy, it is the duty of the captain or commander, as the case may be, to see that this article is deposited overboard in a manner that would baffle any attempts to trace its whereabouts. These dispatch-boxes are heavily weighted with lead, and in the unfortunate event of being captured, not only would it be thrown overbeard containing the dispatch, but charts and other important papers—including the signal codes—would go with it, as the papers would be dangerous in the hands of an opponent.

The exact importance of modern dispatch carrying at sea, however, depends very much upon the countries at war. What would probably take place if this country were at war with France alone, would be altered in total and detail should Britain be engaged with two such Powers as Russia and France. In the latter event there would be more than an average prospect of, at least, some of our cables being cut, and in this event dispatch carrying over a large area would, indeed, become a dangerous and unenviable task.

It is admitted, however, that Britain's handy men are at their best in matters which entail deliberate, cool, calculating pluck—what Napoleon would probably have described as being "two o'clock in the morning courage," so that we have need to boast of other matters than the smart handling of "Long Tom's" and "4.7's."

It is just a question, however, whether the future has not greater suprises in store than even the introduction of steam produced among the nautical element in the "thirties." Submarine boats and wireless telegraphy have to be reckoned with. Both are being developed in a marvellous manner, and whilst France and America are devoting all their energies to the former invention, the Lords of the Admiralty are devoting unusual attention to the art of wiring through water without wires, and turning other good old principles upside down—metaphorically.

A KISS IN A CANOE.

THE maiden sat in a light canoe,
Afloat on a Westmoreland lake;
And a mad idea shot wildly through
The brain of her lover (who sat there too),
That he, in that self-same light canoe
A stolen kiss would take.

Now, the maiden sat there, unaware
Of the plot that he had hatched;
And the mountain breezes played with her hair
And fanned her cheek and her brow so fair,
As she sat there still, quite unaware
Of the kiss so soon to be snatched.

Then the lover awaited a real good chance
To capture the longed-for kiss,
When, watching the dimpling wavelets dance,
She turned her head with a quick, shy glance,
And, leaning back, she gave him a chance
That was really too good to miss.

So he bent to meet her, and tried to steal
The kiss that he burned to get;
But he bent so quick in his ardent zeal,
That the craft upset like a whirling wheel,
And he missed the kiss that he tried to steal,
And they both got very wet.

THE MUD WAS MOVED.

IN a certain town recently the mud had been scraped from the centre to the side of the street, where it was a great nuisance to pedestrians, when a wag took the opportunity of posting up the following startling bill in large type:

£50 REWARD.

LOST. A small boy, aged eight years, who was last seen in High Street up to his neck in mud. Anyone finding same will be handsomely rewarded by Geo. Jones.

N.B.—Jones was the local surveyor; the mud was emoved the next day.

A WALKING FERN.

THERE is a fern which, by its peculiar habit of growth, may almost justly lay claim to the popular name of the "Walking Fern."

The fronds arch over, and the fine slender points coming in contact with the soil take root; new growth again proceeds from the latter, which, in its turn, roots also, so that the *locale* of the plant is continually moving forward, and suggesting the idea of walking.

This peculiar fern is quite hardy and succeeds well in a soil of peat, leaf-mould and sand, in a shady position which is moist in summer, and fairly dry in winter. The fronds are heart-shaped, bright green in colour, six to twelve inches long.

EDITOR: "Yes, but where's the poem you said you had brought me?"

Poet: "Here; I had no paper, so I spoke it to my wife. She will now recite it to you!"

TEACHER: "Why, George, John tells me you knocked him down. Did you?"

George (happily remembering one of his lessons): "No, miss; it was the force of gravitation that made him fall. I only pushed him."

MR. HOUSKEEP: "It seems to me we get an awful lot of milk now-a-days."

Mrs. Houskeep: "Yes, we get a gallon."

Mr. Houskeep: "Gracious! We can't use that much every day."

Mrs. Houskeep: "I know, but it's a penny cheaper buying it by the gallon."

A PRETTY YULETIDE IDEA.

HOW YOU CAN MAKE SICK CHILDREN HAPPY.

THERE are lying in the infirmaries a large number of poor little sick children, to the majority of whom the coming Christmas will be a very dull affair indeed.

Of course, the circumstances are different in the hospitals. Nearly all the children there are remembered either by their parents or friends, or by the various philanthropic societies; but the poor little in'irmary child is, comparatively speaking, forgotten.

In order to cast a ray of sunshine over the lives of these tiny ones, we invite each of the readers of PEARSON'S WEEKLY to send us a Christmas card of a suitable nature.

A PRIZE OF TWO GUINEAS will be given to the person from whom we receive what we consider to be the most appropriate one. A GUINEA to the next, and HALF-A-GUINEA to the next.

The closing date is Tuesday, December 18th, and the whole of the cards received will be distributed amongst the children at the various infirmaries, until the supply gives out. Mark your envelopes "*Infirmary*."

A HOSPITAL FOR BOOKS.

HOW TO MAKE YOUR OLD VOLUMES NEW AND WHOLE.

IF a clever boy or girl choose to establish a book hospital there is no doubt but that plenty of patients—quite enough to afford a comfortable living—would apply for treatment. Patience, neatness, and care are the capital required, with time to learn how to nurse abused or aged volumes back to a good physical condition.

Purchasers for libraries will tell you that they are continually rejecting books because they are tattered and worn, or "holey." These could be sent to the hospital, and doctored into value. All public as well as private libraries would be patrons of such an enterprise, and to their own great gain.

"The art of restoring and mending books," says one who speaks with authority, "is as yet much in its infancy."

One cardinal rule to keep in mind is never to try experiments with valuable works; try new methods of restoration on comparatively worthless books. For book bindings which have lost their gloss a preparation is made as follows: Take powdered gum-copal, add to it oil of rosemary sufficient to form a solution. Pour off the superfluous liquid and mix the remainder with sufficient alcohol to dissolve it well. In making, take only enough oil to cover the copal; and of alcohol, about eight parts to the whole.

A fresh ink spot can be easily removed from a printed page by rubbing it with a finely pulverised mixture of saltpetre, sulphur, alum and powdered pumice stone. If the spot be an old one moisten it first with a little water. When the ink does not penetrate the paper it can be removed by erasure with a sharp penknife or a preparation of powdered pumice stone and vulcanised indiarubber, sold at the shops. When this does not work, its action can be aided by moistening it.

After erasure rub the spot with powdered pumice stone, and then polish with a burnisher. Or, still another way: lay underneath the blot a pad of blotting-paper; dip a fine sponge in lemon juice, and press it on the stain so as to moisten it. Then, with a clean, soft rag, folded into a pad, press on the spot, and the pad, lifted off, will remove a little of the ink. Repeat this process, taking a clean part of the pad each time. Do not try to rub the stain out, but to draw the ink away or out by absorption.

To become an expert at this treatment pour ink over a worthless page and experiment. In old manuscripts ink spots were sometimes cleverly covered with ornaments in gold or colour.

To remove grease spots heat an iron and hold it as near as possible to the stain without discolouring the paper, when the grease or wax will disappear. Upon any traces that are left put powdered calcined magnesia for a time. Bone, well calcined and powdered, is an excellent absorbent of grease; also plaster of Paris.

For extracting spots of a resinous nature use eau de Cologne, turpentine, or benzine. A beautifully bound book, and quite new, had oil from a lamp spilt over it. The culprit called for quicklime, but there was none to be had. So he got some bones, which he quickly calcined and pulverised, and applied. The next morning there was no trace of oil, but only an odour, which soon vanished.

Book worms and their ravages have been made the subject of recent experiment in America. An ounce of prevention is worth a good many pounds of cure in the case of book worms. Books kept clean and well dusted are seldom visited by them. To get rid of these pests pyrethrum insect powder may be used, or carbon-bisulphide, evaporated in closed boxes or cases containing the books.

To mend a worm-eaten hole on a page take another piece of paper of the same quality and chop it fine with a knife. Combine it with flour paste, which has a little clear, white glue in it. Lay a piece of tin under the sheet which has the hole, spread the paste, which is really soft paper, with a knife over the hole. When dry it is well mended. The pulp must be a fine paste, not lumpy and stringy.

It is better first to experiment on a sheet of paper in which holes have been punched, because success may not crown one's first efforts. Torn edges may often be reunited so as to be almost as good as new. This is remaking paper with paper. Pages which have been torn across, or engravings usually have a tranverse rent; that is, a rent which leaves a small flap edge. With good glue, taken in microscopic quantities on the point of a camel's hair brush, the edges may be reunited.

When a book is dog-eared or its leaves have been turned, if the paper be not too stiff, there is a chance of restoring them. Dampen the leaves one by one with water, in which a little gum tragacanth has been dissolved. This is not so much an adhesive as a stiffener, and is used as such for laces. Then flatten the leaves, putting a piece of smooth, white paper between every leaf.

If there is any trace of dampness in a library, or books begin to show mould, place a pan of quicklime near the shelves. This is better than a stove to dry the air. In the process of slacking the lime absorbs all the moisture in the atmosphere. When slacked it must be thrown away and a new lot procured.

Do not pack books tightly together on their shelves, as the bindings are liable to burst.

You should have ordered the HOME NOTES Christmas Double Fashion Number before now, but you may perhaps still be able to get a copy from your newsagent. Price 2d.

Where Billiard Balls are Never Round and Iron Never Rusts.

By George Griffith.

The commonest thing we know of is the air we breathe. It is commoner even than land and water, because there are places where there is no land and others where, as the wanderer knows to his cost, there is no water.

But I wonder how many readers of *P.W.* have ever given a thought to what would happen if the atmospheric conditions under which they live were a little altered. I have experienced some very considerable alterations of these same conditions, and, for the information of those who have not "been there," I am going to tell what these experiences were like. They happened a few years ago in the Andes of Peru and Bolivia, countries where people live, move, and have their everyday being at greater altitudes than in any other part of the world.

To begin with, let me recall to your memory a couple of facts in very elementary science. All air-breathing, warm-blooded animals are really living at the bottom of a vast ocean about forty-five miles deep, just as do those mysterious inhabitants of the lower sea-depths whose acquaintance we have only made within the last few years.

When these uncanny creatures are brought to the surface they simply fly to pieces, and that is what a human being would do if you took him far enough away from the bottom of his own aerial ocean. They, like ourselves, live under pressure. The only difference is that with them the pressure is tons, and with us pounds, to the square inch, and as that pressure is taken off they, like ourselves, begin to expand, just as

A BALLOON DOES WHEN IT GOES UP.

I shall never forget the first practical illustration I had of this. Peru possesses the two most marvellous railways on earth, and on one of these I made a journey on an engine from a station 8ft. above sea level to another station a little over 14,000ft. When I started every square inch of my body was bearing a pressure of fifteen pounds; when I landed the fifteen pounds had come down to about ten, and personally the results were something like this:

My head seemed quite four times its normal size—I may, perhaps, anticipate the Page 16 humorists by intimating that I was quite sober when I started—and, instead of being attached to my body in the usual way, it seemed as if it were floating about five feet up in the air like a toy balloon on a string. My eyes seemed to have left their sockets, and were wandering about, seeing all sorts of things on their own. My ears were making a special sort of music for themselves—something like the drone of an ill-conducted Scotch bagpipes. My limbs were attached to me by loose pieces of string, and wouldn't do what I wanted them to do. The skin on the back of my hands was puffed up about half-an-inch. As for my eternal economy and the thing which a few hours before I had thought was a brain, it will be enough to say that there is something worse than sea-sickness. It was all that missing five pounds per square inch!

It is not very flattering to human vanity, but, still, it is a hard, brutal fact that we kings and queens of creation are mostly

COMPOSED OF WATER AND GAS.

If you took the water and gas out of the system of an average man he would make about two cubic inches of solid stuff. That fifteen pounds on each square inch of skin surface keeps the gas and the water in their places. The higher you go up the mountains or in a balloon the less this pressure becomes and the more uncomfortable you get.

But, as you get away from the sea-level, the atmosphere not only gets lighter, but drier, and, moreover, the heat of the sun becomes more and more direct, and some of the consequences of this are rather astonishing when you experience them for the first time.

Everything that contains moisture becomes hard and brittle. Leather and raw hide stiffen out and get like shortbread. Raw meat becomes something like leather in a very short time, but it never "goes bad," as we say. Up on the higher plateaux of the Andes I have passed corpses of horses and mules that have fallen by the wayside and been dead for months; but, if it hadn't been for the work of the carrion birds, you would only think that they were asleep. So, too, among the rock-tombs of Pisac, one of the burying-places of the old Incas, about fourteen thousand feet up in the heart of the Central Andes, you may see the bodies of men and women who died hundreds of years ago, sitting in their little cave-dwellings, dry and shrivelled as though by great, old age, but still strangely, almost terribly, life-like.

During one of my journeys over the Andes I went up to the top of the crater-wall of El Misti, a somnolent volcano more than nineteen thousand feet above sea-level, and here I had the curious experience of being in two climates at once. On the sunward side of the crater-wall the rocks and the black volcanic sands were so hot that you could hardly keep your bare hand on them, but if you plunged your hand a few inches below the surface of the sand, it was ice cold.

Close by the wall there was a little wooden hut, which is the highest astronomical station in the world. It is an elevated annex of the Harvard University Observatory, which lies just outside Arequipa, about 12,000 feet below. On one side of this hut you can see a thermometer with the spirit working up to boiling point, and on the other, a couple of yards or so away, it is down below freezing, and there is snow on the ground.

You can lie on the edge of the crater-wall and stretch a hand on either side. One will be in a tropical summer and the other in an Arctic winter. Experiments of this kind are interesting, but they tend to upset the system.

However much you perspire in these high altitudes your face and hands are always dry unless they are covered. The moment the perspiration is formed it is evaporated. While I was having the most elevated lunch I ever ate in my life I spilt a few drops of wine on my knee. In a second there was only a dry, dark stain on the cloth. That wine had literally vanished into thin air.

There is another curious circumstance that strikes the dweller in high altitudes. You never see rusty iron or steel, and no metals lose their polish. That is because there is not moisture enough in the air to dull it or to form the oxide of iron which we call rust. But what is far stranger than this is the fact, that up in the Andes,

RUSTY IRON BECOMES BRIGHT

of its own accord.

Arequipa is the centre of the Southern Railway of Peru—what Crewe is to the London and North-Western. I was strolling about the workshops one day with the Superintendent, and I said to him:

"How very nice and bright everything is here. Your rails look like silver. I don't see a bit of rust about anywhere. How do you keep it all so clean?"

"We don't have to," he said. "The air does that for us. You know we're nearly eight thousand feet above the Pacific here. Look at those wheels and stacks of metals. When those came up from the coast they were covered with rust. Look at them now—bright as a new dollar, and they haven't been touched. You can't get anything rusty here except the people, and some of them are that rusty you can hear their joints creak."

That same evening I had another curious experience of the effects of dry atmosphere. I dined with the superintendent at the club, and afterwards we tried to play billiards. It was the most extraordinary game I ever tried to play. The balls appeared to be endowed with independent volition of their own. They simply took no notice of my intentions. They just went on their way in devious courses as though guided by invisible fingers. Then I saw what was the matter. I was in the position of Gilbert's "Billiard Sharp," at least to to this extent that I was playing:

> On a cloth untrue,
> With a twisted cue,
> And elliptical billiard balls.

But the balls were not only elliptical. Although perfectly round when stationary, they were pretty nearly every shape that a sphere can be pulled into directly they moved, and the paths which they took were quite as eccentric as the orbit of the most erratic of comets. Presently my own ball somehow wandered into a pocket, and I picked it up, and when I had rolled it about between my hands for a moment or two, I asked my host, more in wonder than in anger, what kind of a game he thought he was playing with me.

At this he laughed, and said that it was billiards as she was played in Arequipa. He said, "A man can keep straight here if he is careful and white enough, but a billiard ball can't keep round any more than the cushions can keep soft. You hear the sort of noise they make."

The expression is a literary atrocity, but I am afraid there was no other word for it. Every time a ball hit a cushion there was a "dull thud" and then a series of queer bumps as it waddled over the table, possibly in quite a different direction to the one you wanted it to take.

"They all go like that after they've been a week or so up here," he said after about half-an-hour's play when we were seven all. "We've tried ivory and composition of all sorts; but the atmosphere gets hold of them all the same, and pulls them about all anyhow."

"What's your idea of the difference between optimism and pessimism?"

"Oh, the optimist says it is nice weather when it isn't, and the pessimist says it isn't when it is."

"Still, one can learn to love," he urged.

"True," she admitted.

"Even you might."

"True again, but——"

"But what?"

"There is no study for which it is so absolutely essential that one shall have the right tutor."

Then he knew that his suit was hopeless.

ANY COAL?

In view of the existing ruinous price of coal, the ruse adopted by a Thames-sider for getting a cheap supply of that article can hardly be disapproved of.

This person has a garden sloping to the river-bank, and scores of coal barges pass to and fro daily. This gave the owner of the garden an idea, and a cunning plot was hatched.

A most inviting Aunt Sally was erected close to the water's edge, and speedily the lumps of coal came bowling merrily in—for what bargeman worthy the name could resist the opportunity of having a "shy" at auntie?

There is now, at least, one modest coal dealer whose stock-in-trade consists merely of one Aunt Sally and a supply of old sacks in which he carries the coal away from his profitable bit of garden.

CONFERRING A BENEFIT.

When visiting the sick poor it is as well to offer them something besides sympathy. If the visit is brought to a close by a small gift of some sort, they are much more likely to be favourably impressed.

A stylishly-dressed lady sat for two hours in the bedroom of a sick old woman, asking her many questions about her complaint, and managing, in her short-sighted zeal, to worry the poor invalid to the verge of exhaustion. When she finally rose to depart, her daintily-gloved hand strayed to her pocket.

"And now, my good woman," she said, smiling sweetly, "I wonder if you could eat a few oysters?"

The invalid eagerly expressed her willingness to try.

"Then get yourself some, dear," said my lady, placing a card on the bed. "If you send to the address on that card, and mention my name, they will sell you oysters at a halfpenny a dozen less than any other shop in town."

NOT SO MAD AFTER ALL.

An elderly gentleman had a startling adventure the other day. Wishing to have a look through one of our lunatic asylums, and having a friend in the employment of one of these establishments, he resolved he would call upon him and satisfy his desire.

Arriving at the gate and asking for his friend, he was admitted by the porter and directed which way to go.

He walked up the path into the large garden which the less violent patients keep in order. He did not see anybody at first, but looking to his right side he saw an inmate sitting down intent on something he held in his hand, but he got up when he saw our friend and came slowly after him.

This alarmed the latter, who was very nervous, and he quickened his footsteps, upon which the lunatic started to trot, and our friend, now thoroughly alarmed, trotted also.

Quicker went the lunatic, quicker also the pursued, till they were tearing round the grounds like steam engines.

Glancing back at the murderous madman who was fast coming up to him, the now frantic man saw something white in his assailant's hands, which acted as a spur to his movements; but it was no use, he heard the madman panting behind him, and at length being stopped by a wall, he dropped on his knees and begged for mercy.

The madman looked at him for a minute, then he raised his hand and held a current number of *P.W.* before his victim's face, and said in a quiet voice:

"Have you got that £10 note?"

This was the hardest blow of all, and with a wild shriek the visitor fell back in a swoon.

Head and Shoulders Only.

If you have a photograph which you greatly cherish, send it to us, and we will enlarge it to a beautiful India ink and crayon portrait, 15in. × 12in., mounted on plate sunk mount 24in. × 19in.

The enlargements, which are of the head and shoulders only, can be made from any photograph, large or small, tintypes, or any kind of glass picture, provided the print is legible. The price is 7s. for photos of civilians, and 6s. for those of soldiers and sailors in uniform.

What to do.

Write your name and address plainly in ink on a slip of paper, also on the back of the portrait you are sending us. Get a postal order for 7s. (if the photograph be that of a soldier or sailor got a 6s. postal order). Place all of these in an envelope, or make a securely packed parcel of them and address it to the PORTRAIT EDITOR, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

A Reduction of Threepence

on each enlargement, when the order is for two or more from the same photograph, will be made.

Orders will be treated in rotation.

All photographs—particularly those on glass—should be securely packed. Although all possible care will be taken, we do not hold ourselves responsible for photographs damaged or lost in transit.

Christmas come once a year, but a Christmas Double Fashion Number like that of HOME NOTES for 1900 only occurs once in a lifetime. Now on sale, 2d.

THE WORSHIP OF FOOTBALL HEROES.

GIRLS LOVE THEM AND MEN STAND THEM DINNERS.

WITH the whirl and excitement of another football season, comes the renewal of the fervid, and, to the outsider, incomprehensible worship of favourite footballers by earnest enthusiasts.

The term "worship" is not out of place, for if ever man was revered and admired, it is the popular player—whether Rugby or Association.

On the eve of an important match, his health is as eagerly discussed as if the fate of a kingdom depended upon it; and should he be attacked by an inconvenient headache on the very morning of the event, little knots of anxious people are seen around his residence, waiting for news that will assure them of his appearance in the arena.

When he strolls through the town, men jog each other, and say: "Look! there's Tom So-and-So"; and girls giggle for hours on the strength of a smile from him. Urchins follow him with awed countenances, making eulogistic observations on his manly frame, and his entry into a hotel or public-house is the signal for an almost immediate inrush of customers, eager to hear a chance remark on the football topics of the hour.

A Lancashire left centre, who is daily adding to his laurels, is being pestered by a lady of uncertain age, who wishes to "know him better." She takes up a prominent position in the grand stand, and waves her handkerchief in his direction, much to the amusement of his comrades and his own mortification. She follows the brake in which, fortunately, he, with the other members of the team, leaves for the headquarters, and makes anxious inquiries at the hotel as to how he got through the game. Once, when he had been temporarily laid out, through the not uncommon episode of "winding," she tried to rush on the field with restoratives, procured, apparently, at a moment's notice; but it is on record that when the panting hero saw her descending from the stand, he became well again in a remarkably short space of time!

A member of the committee of a certain Welsh Rugby club did not consider that he was transgressing the laws of amateurism when he presented every member of the team with a very handsome watch; and the president of another successful club in the principality not only gave the players an exceptionally sumptuous banquet at the close of the season, but was instrumental in securing watches all round for the fortunate fifteen. A Yorkshire three-quarter receives, from an anonymous admirer, regularly each month, a case of Scotch whisky, which, his friends tell him, is the best of its class.

Fortunately for his fitness in the field, the player is a strict teetotaller, but the said friends, not having similar scruples, are nothing loth to sample the fiery beverage, and to drink his health and that of the nameless donor.

But what shall we say of the enthusiastic admirer of an Association player whose name is a household word in the Midlands? This zealous individual goes about armed with a snapshot camera, and takes photos of the unhappy victim in every conceivable attitude. He has taken views of him hopping on the touch-line with a bruised shin; he has a snapshot of him kissing his sweetheart at the close of a tight match; and on one occasion he was on the spot with his ubiquitous camera when the unlucky player was ordered off the field for some infringement of the rules.

His admiration for the footballer does not permit him to make these photos public, diverting though they would undoubtedly be; but he uses his camera consistently, and with the evident intention of securing a graphic record of his hero's doings.

The "hero" once ventured to remonstrate with him; but the woebegone look on the other's face on some subsequent occasion so haunted him that he made friends again, and the snapshottings went on again as merrily as ever.

Should a popular pet become, in one of those unavoidable football "incidents," a little mauled by an over-attentive opponent, the latter speedily becomes aware of the enormity of his offence, even if the howls of execration, and murmurs of anxious sympathy for the wounded warrior, do not warn him; for his exit from the field after the match is generally the signal for a demonstration that is usually accorded to unpopular referees.

The majority of these popular heroes are, fortunately, perhaps, for the greater part, modest and manly men, but if the star of a certain Southern team were to develop symptoms of egotism it would not be astonishing, for he has received, and still receives, on an average, two love-letters weekly from admirers of the fair sex.

He is a rather prepossessing young fellow, and although so popular, most of the single young men regard him with more respect than affection, for he has caused more lovers' quarrels than any other one man in the locality, of which he professes the most careless ignorance.

And really one of the most attractive features in the life of a football pet is the knowledge that although he commands almost as much homage and respect as most monarchs can boast, he is not menaced by bloodthirsty threats from gentlemen of the anarchist persuasion, in which respect he probably stands alone among prominent people of the period.

TIME IT WAS KILLED.

PARTICULAR DINER: "This fish, waiter——"

Truthful Waiter (promptly): "Was killed this morning, sir."

Particular Diner (approvingly): "You did quite right to kill it, because it had been on shore so long that it must have forgotten how to swim, and would have been drowned if it had ever gone to sea again."

HIS REWARD.

A TRADESMAN in Sheffield recently had a lad in his employ whose mother was a poor widow in bad circumstances; consequently the lad was poorly clad.

The tradesman kindly offered to get the boy a new suit of clothes, and the boy agreed to repay him at sixpence per week out of his wages.

The first Monday after the arrangement had been made, the lad did not come to work as usual, and on his employer sending to inquire the reason, his mother said he looked so respectable that she was trying to get him a better job!

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

THE proverbial wit of the Irish jarvey is oftentimes mixed with an undercurrent of stern reality that is as touching as it is eloquent.

Driving through Sackville Street, Dublin, one day, on an outside car, the wretched appearance of the horse suddenly struck a visitor, who said:

"Pat, you ought to be taken up for cruelty to animals, driving such an old screw as that!"

"Begorra, sur," was the quick reply, "if I didn't dhrive that, I'd be taken up for cruelty to a wife and six children!"

FOUND THE HOLE.

JINKS: "You remember that very handsome penknife I had from *Pearson's*, and lost some five or six years ago?"

Blinks: "Yes, I recall the occurrence."

"You remember how I looked high and low for it and could not find it anywhere?"

"I remember your diligent and exhaustive search."

"Well, yesterday I put on an old waistcoat that I hadn't worn for years, and what do you think I found in the pocket?"

"Your pen-knife; let me congratulate you."

"No: I found the hole that I must have lost it through."

A SCHOOLBOY wants to know how many square rods it takes to make a wiseacre.

THE placidity of expression worn by a man who is next in a crowded barber's shop is almost equal to that of a spinster with her first love-letter.

Well, Have You Done the "Twenty Teazer"?

ISN'T IT A LITTLE RASCAL?

CAN YOU DO IT?

CAN YOUR FRIENDS DO IT?

It is One of the most Teasing Teazers that ever Teased a Teased Public.

It is not much to look at. You would think there was nothing in it. You would think you could do it on your head in the dark. But you can't.

You sit down at a table after tea with the "Twenty Teazer" in front of you, and you say to your wife, "Now, just time me, and see how quickly I can do this alleged 'Teazer!'" And then you begin.

About two in the morning your wife comes down in her dressing-gown with a candle to find you grovelling on the ground with your coat off and your collar undone, hunting round for the fifth square block of wood which you are convinced must have been in the box.

But you are wrong; there are only four, and the "Teazer" *can* be unteazed.

One point, however, you should bear in mind, that it is not necessary for the numerals to be all facing the same way. Some of them may be upside down, others may be end on, just as you fancy.

THE PRICE IS SIXPENCE,

and you can get it from any newsagent or bookstall clerk.

You can try to do it in the train, or on the 'bus, at home, or up in a balloon, or anywhere except in your bath. Even there you can do it if you can keep the water steady.

The "Twenty Teazer" won't wash clothes; is not a tobacco or a carpet-sweeper; doesn't bark or bite or try to borrow money from you. It simply consists of four harmless little squares of wood in a neat little oblong box.

ANNIVERSARIES.

Being Something of Interest about Big People whose Birthdays happen this Week.

IT was to the late Sir Arthur Sullivan that MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH, who becomes fifty-three on December 9th, owed his start on the Savoy stage. In November, 1877, the famous composer offered him the part of John Wellington Wells, in *The Sorcerer*, but Grossmith hesitated because he thought his voice was not strong enough. However, the composer heard him sing, and the result was an engagement that kept Mr. Grossmith at the Savoy for twelve years and made him famous. As a composer himself, Mr. Grossmith does a deal of his work in the train.

Beginning life as a soldier, MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS, who celebrates his sixty-second birthday also on Sunday, has since been a prison governor, an editor, and a novelist and author. In 1855 the Major joined the 1st Manchester Regiment—the battalion that distinguished itself so much during the siege of Ladysmith—and was present at the fall of Sebastopol. When at Gibraltar, as a staff-officer, in 1870, however, there was a disturbance in the convict prison there. Major Griffiths was sent down for a few days to restore order, but it was the commencement of twenty-five years' service as a prison chief!

The COUNTESS OF WARWICK, whose thirty-ninth birthday occurs on Monday, is known as one of the most enterprising of peeresses. Possessing great personal beauty and much land of her own, the Countess is yet not too proud to run a shop in Bond Street in connection with a needlework school she has founded. She boasts of being a Socialist, and among her friends she numbers Joseph Arch and the Prince of Wales. Lady Warwick goes in considerably for gardening, and wants others to do likewise. In her ladyship's "Garden of Friendship" at Easton, Essex, there is a tree planted by the Prince of Wales.

Chess-players particularly will be interested in the fact that MR. J. H. BLACKBURNE, who is a native of Manchester, celebrates his fifty-eighth birthday on December 10th. Mr. Blackburne is best known as a blindfold player, but he has, during his thirty-eight years of chess, taken part in many great tournaments. In matches he was beaten twice by Steinitz and once by Lasker, but in four annual cable matches with America he has scored two wins and two draws against Pillsbury, America's champion. Mr. Blackburne was recently presented with a cheque for £400, given by chess-players everywhere.

Like Archbishop Temple, DEAN BRADLEY of Westminster, who completes his seventy-ninth year on December 11th, has been a schoolmaster. He was the head of Marlborough School in 1858-70, and succeeded Dean Stanley, in Westminster Abbey, in 1881. Frequently, in summer, the Dean takes parties of trippers round the edifice, while he can give many reminiscences of great funerals. At the funeral of Mr. Gladstone, Dean Bradley took the opening part of the Burial Service. It is an interesting fact that, when a boy at Rugby School, the future Dean's fag was the present Sir Richard Temple!

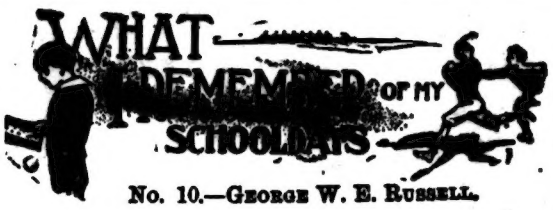
Owing to an alteration of name, few people are aware that the United States gave birth to such a great soprano singer as MADAME NORDICA, who celebrates her forty-first birthday on December 12th. Her proper maiden name was Norton, and she was born in the State of Maine. Madame's first English appearance was at the Crystal Palace in 1877. The great singer's first husband was Mr. Gower, who, having invented a steering apparatus for balloons, started to cross the English Channel to France. He was never heard of again, and, in 1896, Madame Nordica married Mr. Doeme.

SIR ALFRED WILLS, who becomes seventy-two years old on Tuesday, is one of those judges who can retire on a pension of £70 a week if they so desire. He has served sixteen years on the Bench, having succeeded Mr. Justice Watkin Williams in 1884. Sir Alfred is a great sportsman, and he was one of the founders of the Alpine Club in 1858. He has climbed the highest peaks there, has written two books about them, and for nearly forty years he has had a châlet at Chamounix, where he goes nearly every season.

A peer who looks what he is—every inch an aristocrat—is the DUKE OF RUTLAND, who celebrates his eighty-second birthday on December 13th. His Grace has been a member of six Conservative Cabinets, first in 1852, and he is now the *doyen* of the Queen's ex-Ministers. He is also the last surviving member of Lord Derby's first Administration, and the oldest member of the Carlton Club. In 1841 the Duke—then known as Lord John Manners—was Mr. W. E. Gladstone's fellow-member for Newark, when the G.O.M. sat as a Tory; and in 1898 he was a pall-bearer at Mr. Gladstone's funeral.

Another veteran is SIR JOSEPH NOEL PATON, who has been the Queen's Scottish painter since 1865, and who attains his seventy-ninth year on Thursday, December 13th. The Queen is the owner of many of Sir Joseph's religious pictures. In his early days the artist-knight was ambitious of becoming a drawing master, and he applied for such a post at a certain academy. He was unsuccessful, a Mr. Brown being preferred to the able young artist who afterwards made a name, and Sir Noel always laughingly refers to the matter as being the turning-point in his career.

If you have wanted, do want, or will be wanting a new silk blouse, obtain the Christmas Double Fashion Number of HOME NOTES, price 2d. Now on sale.



No. 10.—GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL.

GEORGE WILLIAM ERSKINE RUSSELL is the youngest son of the late Lord Charles Russell, who was a son of the sixth Duke of Bedford. He was educated at Harrow and at University College, Oxford. Member of Parliament for Aylesbury, 1880-5; North Beds, 1892-5; Parliamentary Secretary to the Local Government Board, 1883-5; Under-Secretary of State for India, 1892-4; for the Home Department, 1894-5; Alderman, County Council of London, 1889-95; President Liberal Churchmen's Union; L.L.D. St. Andrews, 1899. He has published a monograph of the late Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, and Letters of Matthew Arnold; Collections and Recollections, 1898.

I AM an Harrovian to the backbone, but my connection with the Hill is purely personal. My ancestral ties unite me rather with Westminster School. For more than a century all Russells, Grosvenors, Somersets, and Lennoxes were Westminster boys. My father, Lord Charles Russell; my uncle, Lord Russell the Prime Minister; my grandfather, the sixth Duke of Bedford; and my great grandfather, Lord Tavistock, were all at Westminster; and I know not how much further back the connexion between the school and my family might be traced.

I had an elder brother at Westminster, but when the time approached for me to follow him, it was pronounced by the doctors that I was too delicate to live in London, and my parents decided to send me to Harrow. This decision I regard as one of the chief blessings of my life.

The Head Master of Harrow was then the Rev. Montague Butler, D.D., now Master of Trinity, my kind and constant friend for thirty-two years; but, as my father used to say, "I did not send my son to Harrow that he might be under Dr. Butler; I sent him there that he might be under blue skies and

AMONG GREEN FIELDS."

Another consideration which determined the choice of the school was that it lay between my two homes—ten miles from my father's house in London and thirty miles from his house in Bedfordshire, and was approached by the L. and N.W. Railway, which connected the two.

In 1867 Mr. Matthew Arnold wrote to Lady de Rothschild: "I think Lady Charles Russell has a boy who, like my eldest boy, is an invalid, and I daresay you will some time or other be kind enough to ascertain from her whether the school-life is at all trying for him, and whether she has any difficulty in getting him excused fagging or violent exercises."

But the beloved poet was anticipating. My going to Harrow had been delayed by my delicacy, and I did not enter the school till 1868. My entrance into it was smoothed by the affectionate tenderness of my parents, who took a villa in Harrow, and started me as a "home-boarder." But before long I got tired of this rather molly-coddling arrangement; and, when I had made my own position in the school, I was at my own request placed in Mr. Arthur Watson's large house, now Mr. Welsford's.

My reason for choosing this house was that I wished to live under the same roof with my closest friend, Charles Baldwyn Childe-Pemberton, who in after life dropped the name of Pemberton and was known in the Blues and in Society as

"CHARLIE CHILDE OF KINLET."

Early in 1868 a new boy, very raw and disconsolate amid "five hundred faces and all so strange," had caught sight, in the school-yard, of one whom he instantly desired to make his friend—a singularly attractive-looking lad, graceful in shape and movement, with pensive eyes, and really golden hair. This was Charlie Childe, and the new boy was the present writer. The two boys were of the same age.

There soon sprang up between them a friendship as close as brotherhood, and for the survivor the brightest memory connected with Harrow has always been the recollection of that comradeship. They had little enough in common. The one was an athlete, the other a loafer; the one an eager and pugnacious Tory, the other a rather flamboyant Radical. Yet each found the other's society far more enjoyable than anything else which Harrow had to offer.

So passed the golden age of boyhood. Thirty years rolled by, and Charlie Childe fell gloriously at Potgieters' Drift on January 20th, 1900. *Lux perpetua luceat ei.* It is a man's prayer, and it commemorates a schoolboy's love.

My old photograph-book, filled at Harrow, lies before me as I write. There is Dr. Butler in his silken robes, looking exactly as he did when, enthroned in the sixth form room, he used to deliver those well-remembered admonitions: "Never say what you know to be wrong," and "Let us leave, 'commence,' and 'partake' to the newspapers."

The next picture, a view of the school bathing-place, affectionately called "Ducker," carries me a stage onward in memory, to my first summer-quarter. Two terms of school-life had inured one to a new existence, and one began to know the pleasures. Cricket I always detested; but even the most inveterate "slacker" can lie on the grass under the trees eating cherries and criticising the performance of his friends in the field.

And then the speech-room, where we stood penned together like sheep for the slaughter under the gallery, to hear our fate on the first morning of our school-life, and where, when he had made his way up the school, the budding scholar received his prize or declaimed his verses on speech-day. That was the crowning day of the young orator's ambition, when there was an arch of evergreens reared over the school-gate, and Harrow was all alive with carriages, and relations, and grandees.

Like all great schools, Harrow is justly proud of its traditions, and the memories of Sheridan and Byron, Peel and Palmerston, Shaftesbury and Manning, exercise a very real fascination over succeeding generations. Byron's is perhaps the most moving name of all, for the others are known to us only as men, whereas the "Hours of Idleness" show us what Byron was like as a boy, and a copy of his poems was the present which a sentimental Harrovian, on leaving Harrow, would give to his closest friend.

When I entered the school there was still living in the town an old woman who had sold cribs to Byron when he was a schoolboy; and Baron Heath, a funny old gentleman in a brown wig, who had been Byron's fag, was a standing-dish on speech-day. But, greatly as we gloried in our poet, his political principles did not flourish on the Hill.

In November, 1868, occurred the General Election which decided the fate of the Irish Church. My cousin, George Hamilton, was the Tory candidate for Middlesex, and, being an Old Harrovian and having played in the Harrow and Eton match only five years before, he was immensely popular with the school. Out of the five hundred boys there were only five who displayed the Liberal colour (blue), and of those five I was one. I was knocked down and rolled in the mud in the attempt to wrench my colours from me, but I bore them home triumphant. This was politically my

"BAPTISM OF FIRE."

In 1870 I was elected to the School Debating Society, and made my maiden speech against the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine. My leader on this occasion was Canon Gore. Soon afterwards the future Canon moved "That all University tests be abolished." I seconded him, and we carried our motion by two. Then I took the lead, and moved in a crowded house "That a Hereditary Legislative Body is a mistake," and though seconded by Gore, was beaten by ten.

In 1871, amid the horrors of the Commune, Gore and I persuaded only three of our schoolfellows to affirm "that a Republic is the best form of Government." It is satisfactory to know that Mr. Justice Barton was even then on the side of Monarchy, and a week later he carried by twelve to four a vote of want of confidence in Mr. Gladstone's Government.

In 1869 I began my journalistic career as a contributor to the HARROVIAN, and for two years I was one of its editors. Our tone was Liberal in Imperial politics, and (as befits schoolboys) intensely patriotic and conservative in all the internal concerns of the school.

On June 15th, 1871, Harrow School celebrated the three hundredth anniversary of its foundation. Harrovians came from literally all the quarters of the globe to take part in this tercentenary festival. The arrangements were organised with the most elaborate care. The Senior Governor, the Duke of Abercorn—affectionately known as "Old Splendid"—presided at the banquet in the schoolyard. But unluckily no one had squared the Clerk of the Weather, and he seemed determined to discharge the accumulated rain of three centuries on the devoted Hill. It was raining when we went to the early celebration in the school chapel; it was raining harder when we came out. At the culminating moment of the day's proceedings, when "Prosperity to Harrow" was proposed at the banquet, the downpour and the thunder drowned the speaker's voice; and, when evening fell on the sodden cricket-field, the

RAIN EXTINGUISHED THE FIREWORKS.

On that same cricket-field nine days later, in the golden afternoon of Midsummer Day, George Clement Cottrell, a boy beautiful alike in face and character, was killed in an instant by a blow from a cricket-ball which struck him behind the ear while he was umpiring in the sixth form game. On June 29th his five hundred schoolfellows followed him to his resting-place in the churchyard on the Hill, and I believe we unanimously felt that he whom we had lost was the one of all our number of whom we could say with the surest confidence that he was fit to pass, without a moment's warning, into the invisible world.

And here I may as well bring these disjointed recollections to a close. It is something to remember, amid the struggles and disappointments of later life, that one once had youth, and hope, and eagerness, and large opportunities and generous friends. A tender and regretful sentiment seems to cling to the very walls and trees among which one cherished such bright ambitions and felt the passionate sympathy of such loving hearts. The innocence and the confidence of boyhood pass away soon enough; but Harrow is still to me a second home, and my school-time was the best bit of my life.

[Next week: S. WOODS.]

GIVING THE SHOW AWAY.

SCENE.—Coffee-room of hotel in Helensburgh. Brown, a great swell, while waiting for a brother commercial to play a game at billiards, is describing to a number of tourists how many dozen of trout he has recently killed in one day, hinting at the same time that he is just on his way home from the May-fly fishing.

Enter Waiter: "Somebody wishes to see you, sir."

Brown (expecting his friend): "Haw, just send him up, will you?"

Waiter: "All right, sir."

The man ushers in a bare-footed urchin.

Urchin (loudly): "Mister Brown, ma mither sent me tae tell ye that yer no tae min' the three dizzen o' dolls she ordered, but tae sen' instead a dizzen o' jumpin' Jacks an' twa dizzen o' cocks wi' whussuls in their tails."

Brown faints.

MRS. LONGWED (excitedly): "Everything that you have you gained through me. I should like to know what you had before I took you and married you."

Mr. Longwed (dejectedly): "A latchkey, anyway!"

BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE.

THEY were performers in the amateur theatricals. During the progress of the play at one time, while their presence was not needed on the stage, they sat together behind the scenes. She looked beautiful, indeed, in old-fashioned gown and powdered hair, and he, in Court costume of more than a century ago, was the beau ideal of a cavalier.

For some time he had been very attentive to her, and, although people had frequently remarked upon his devotion, he had not come to the point of proposing. But as they sat behind the scenes, he felt that an opportune moment had arrived.

"Marie," he said, "you may not have perceived my liking, but I cannot delay. I—I want to ask you to—to be——"

Just then the prompter called the girl's name, but she never stirred.

"That's your cue," faltered the interrupted lover.

"Yes," she answered, calmly enough, laying her head on his arm, "but never mind the cue. You seemed very earnest just now, and I want you to go on. What were you going to say?"

SCRIBBLE: "Smith tells me he is a poet."

Dribble: "Yes, he writes boomerang poetry."

Scribble: "What kind is that?"

Dribble: "The kind that always comes back."

"WHAT is it that has feathers, stands on one leg, and barks like a dog?"

"I don't know."

"A stork."

"But a stork doesn't bark like a dog!"

"Of course it doesn't: I just put that in to make it hard."

TO THE RESCUE.

THE room was on fire, and at the window stood a fair and lovely creature. Frantic with horror, he pushed through the people, and called upon the firemen to save her.

"Stand back!" roared a policeman, forcing him back into the crowd again.

"Stand back," shouted the man, "and see a fellow creature perish before my eyes!"

To his disgust, the crowd gazed on in apathy.

"Wretches!" he shrieked, pointing to the poor lady at the window, "are you blind?"

And with a mad rush he had dashed up the stairs and seized the lady round the waist, and had borne her to the outer air in a few seconds.

His agitation and the heat caused him to nearly faint but he had just enough strength to place her in the arms of a policeman amid the shouts of the crowd.

But, good gracious! What was that? Did his ears deceive him! Instead of a great cheer for him, a tremendous roar of laughter greeted the heroic act!

He glanced at the lady he had rescued from a fiery fate, and the reason of their mirth was at once apparent and amid the laughter of the unsympathetic crowd he fled.

He had rescued the milliner's dummy.

"I HAVE but one rule that I follow absolutely in this life, and that is to make other people as happy as possible."

"Well," she replied, "you ought to be gratified, then, at what I heard a young lady say the other day."

"What was that?"

"She said that whenever she saw you dancing she had to laugh."

SHORT STORIES only costs a penny, yet it contains six or eight complete tales every week.

The Mystery Man.*

By William Le Queux.

CHAPTER XXXV.

HER LADYSHIP.

BOYD seeing my fierce determination held back, a look of undisguised annoyance upon his face.

"I have a duty to perform. I beg of you not to obstruct me, Mr. Urwin," he said coldly. "It is quite as unpleasant to me, as to you."

"Unpleasant!" I echoed. "I tell you that you shall not arrest her," and I stood firmly with my back to the door of my room.

"Come!" he said, in a tone of persuasion. "This action of yours cannot benefit her in the least. She has made every preparation for flight. Her trunk is in the cloak-room at Charing Cross Station, and she means, within an hour, to get away to the Continent. Let me pass."

"I shall not!" I roared.

"In that case I shall be compelled to use force, however much I regret it."

As he uttered these words the door was suddenly flung back, and I saw Eva's tragic, almost funereal figure in the opening.

She was white to the lips, her countenance terribly wan and haggard.

"Enough!" she cried hoarsely. "Let the police enter. I am ready," and she tottered back, clutching at the corner of my writing-table for support.

Her outward purity and innocence were a rare equipment for the committal of a crime. Who, indeed, would have suspected her of guile and intrigue?

We stood together in my sitting-room, Boyd being our only companion. A dozen times had I implored her to speak the truth, but without avail. She stood pale and trembling, yet still silent, before us. Terror held her dumb.

"Those who turn Queen's evidence obtain free pardon," the detective gravely observed, speaking for the first time.

She laughed a little to herself.

"You might have striven for ever in vain to solve the mystery," she answered at last, apparently bracing herself up for an effort. "Those who aimed that terrible blow, so swift and so fatal, were not the kind of persons to be ever caught napping. They never made a false move, and always took such elaborate precautions that to solve the enigma would be impossible to anyone unacquainted with previous events."

Her breast rose and fell quickly in her wild agitation. She was stirred by emotion to the depths of her being.

"I was weak and helpless," she faltered. "Heaven knows how I have suffered; how deep has been my repentance. Hear me to the end," she urged, turning her fine eyes to mine. "Then, when I have told you my wretched if astounding story, Frank, judge me as you think fit—for I am yours."

"Speak!" I said anxiously. "My justice shall be tempered with mercy."

By that sentence she had acknowledged her love for me. But now I hesitated. She was accused of murder.

"Then I must begin at the very beginning, for it is a long and most complicated story; a story of a deep-laid intrigue and conspiracy and of a duplicity extraordinary," she said, her thin nerveless hand trembling in mine as I held her with my arm about her waist.

"In the days when I had reached my sixteenth year I lived with my mother abroad, in Italy for the most part because it was cheap, and further because my father, who had been guilty of certain shady transactions, had been compelled to fly from England. He had treated my mother shamefully; therefore they were separated, and mother and I lived economically in those cheap pensions in Florence and Rome, which seem to exist as asylums for the well-bred needy. A few days after I was sixteen, while we were at an obscure pension in Siena, my mother took typhoid and died—leaving me absolutely alone in the world and practically penniless. Nearly a year before we had received a letter from my father's solicitors in London stating that he had died in poverty in Buenos Ayres, therefore I was utterly alone. The position of a friendless girl on the Continent is always serious," she said with a catch in her voice. "Acting upon the advice of some English people in the pension I went to Florence, and there saw the Consul-General, who not only gave me money from the British Relief Fund which is supported by British residents in that city, but also interested himself actively on my behalf and obtained for me a post as governess in a wealthy Italian family living near Bologna. In their service I remained nearly three years until, by the death of the head of the house, the family became scattered, when I took a fresh engagement with a lady who advertised for an English companion. She was a Madame Damant, a good-looking woman of forty-five, whose father, I understood, had been Italian, and whose mother was English. She spoke English quite as well as I did, and had a fine apartment in Florence, where she received a good deal, for she was well-known there. With the winter over we travelled first to Paris, where we stayed several months, and then to Switzerland. Our life was pleasant, as Madame had plenty of money, and we always lived at the best hotels."

She paused and drew a long breath. There was a hardness about her mouth, and tears were in her eyes.

"It was in Zurich that I had my first misgivings, for there one day in late autumn we were joined by a strange old gentlemen, Hartmann by name, whom I understood was Madame's brother—a curious old fellow, whose main object in life appeared to be the carrying out of certain scientific experiments. He remained with us in the same hotel for nearly a fortnight, during which time Madame, who was extremely well educated, held frequent consultations with him upon scientific matters, until one day I was overjoyed when she announced that we were all three to go straight to London."

"Then the Lady Glaslyn at The Hollies was not your mother?" I gasped, profoundly amazed at this revelation.

"I am about to explain," she went on in a hard voice. "On the night before our departure from Zurich I chanced to pass the door of Madame's bedroom after everybody had retired to rest, and seeing a light issuing from the keyhole was prompted by natural curiosity to peep within. What I saw was certainly strange. In one hand she was holding an unopened bottle of Benedictine liqueur upside down, while with the other she took a hypodermic syringe filled with some liquid, and with the long thin needle pierced the cork, then slowly, and with infinite care, injected the liquid from the tiny glass syringe. Afterwards she withdrew the hollow needle, glanced at the parchment capsule beneath the light, and having satisfied herself that the puncture made was quite unnoticeable, she shook the bottle, so as to thoroughly mix the injected liquid with the liqueur. Then I saw her wrap the bottle carefully in a number of towels and place it in her trunk. Next day, when packing, I glanced at the bottle with some curiosity, examining the parchment covering the cork, but so tiny had been the puncture that I failed to discover the hole. The parchment had, I think, been touched with gum, which had caused the tiny hole to close."

"That liqueur was evidently poisoned." Boyd remarked, his brows knit in thought.

"Yes," she answered, "I have every reason to believe so, although the true state of affairs did not dawn upon me until long afterwards. When alone in our compartment in the 'wagon-lit' between Basle and Calais, Madame, however, made a very extraordinary proposal to me. She confessed that her husband had been made the scapegoat of some financial fraud in England, and was in hiding somewhere near Paris; therefore, in going back she feared that if she went under her right name, Damant, that the police would begin to make active inquiries regarding Monsieur. She wished, she said, to avoid this, and set up a house in England in some pleasant suburb of London, so as to have a *pied-à-terre* in the country she so dearly loved.

"Now my mother was dead and no friends in England knew her, so many years had she lived on the Continent. Why should she not pass as Lady Glaslyn and I as her daughter? At first this proposal utterly staggered me; but when she pointed out how much more I would be respected as her daughter instead of her companion, and told me of the manner in which she intended to live—a manner befitting her assumed station—I at length gave my consent, for which she made me a present there and then of a very acceptable bank-note."

"Then that woman only posed as your mother?" I exclaimed. "She was not the real Lady Glaslyn?"

"Certainly not," answered my beloved frankly. "At first I was very indisposed to be a party to any such transaction but she had shown me so many kindnesses and had always been so generous that I, a friendless girl, felt compelled to accede. Ah! if I had but known what lay behind all that outward show of good feeling and sympathy I would have cast her baneful money from me as I would have cast the gold of Satan. I would rather have made matches for a starvation wage, or starved at a shop counter than have remained one day longer beneath her roof. But she was full of cool ingenuity and marvellous cunning, and on my acceptance of this proposal instantly set to work to bind me further to secrecy. This was not difficult, alas! for I was entirely unsuspicious of treachery, and least of all of my generous friend and benefactor. After some search and many interviews with house agents we found The Hollies, which she purchased, together with the furniture, just as it stood, and ere long neighbours began to call upon us, and we soon entered local society. Many times in those dull winter days I pondered long and deeply upon what I had seen in Zurich, wondering for what reason she had so carefully prepared that bottle which had passed the Customs at Charing Cross undiscovered, and still remained locked in the travelling trunk surrounded by the wrappings she had placed upon it."

"Was any of the liqueur given to anyone?" asked Boyd grimly.

Ere she could respond the door was thrown open, and Dick entered with Lily Lowry. He had, it transpired, gone that day and besought her forgiveness.

In a single glance he realised what had occurred, and without a word he closed the door and both stood in silence to listen to her statement.

How strange a thing is this life of ours! We are in hell one hour and in heaven the next.

"Remain patient, and I'll explain," Eva answered, glancing at the newcomers. "First, however, let me relate a very curious circumstance. Hartmann, who lived somewhere in London, we saw seldom; but very soon after taking possession of The Hollies there one day called an old friend of Madame, accompanied by her husband. They were the Blains. Mrs. Blain afterwards came frequently to us at The Hollies, and we often spent the day at Riverdene; while so intimate did the two women become that Madame took the house next to that rented by Mrs. Blain in Kensington."

"Next door!" I gasped, astonished. "In Upper Phillimore Place?"

"Yes, the house next to the one you entered on that fatal night was in the occupation of Madame," she explained. "We seldom went there, however, although I personally preferred the bright life in Kensington to that at Hampton. From the many private conversations, meaning looks, and mysterious whisperings exchanged between Madame and Mrs. Blain, there was soon aroused within me a vague suspicion that something secret was in progress. I rather liked Mr. Blain, and Mary became my best friend; nevertheless my misgivings were strengthened when one day Hartmann, unusually shabbily dressed and accompanied by Blain, arrived at The Hollies, and the two were closeted for quite an hour with Madame. At length there also arrived a youngish, good-looking man, with a lady of about his own age; and they were at once admitted to the drawing-room, being enthusiastically welcomed. After half-an-hour or so we all dined together; but in the drawing-room, before dinner, I noticed two tumblers half-filled with dirty water, in one a tiny glass rod evidently used for mixing, as though Hartmann had been exhibiting some of his secret experiments. On entering the dining-room Madame introduced her new guests to me as Mr. and Mrs. Coulter-Kerr, and sitting beside the husband I found him a most interesting and intelligent man, who literally adored his wife. In the course of conversation it transpired that the newly arrived pair were from India, and had taken the Blain's town house for the season, and further, that Hartmann, who had apparently become one of their most intimate friends, had established his laboratory in one of the top rooms of that house."

She paused and glanced across to the detective, who was listening attentively with folded arms. As she related her story her great clear eyes became more luminous.

(To be continued.)

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TOOK THE POLICEMAN'S BELT.

I WAS walking along a Welsh country road a year or so ago.

A policeman was patrolling slowly in front of me when all at once a gang of colliers burst out from behind a hedge and attacked him.

I ran to aid the officer, but some of the men held me back, saying:

"We can't hurrt 'im, surr. We arr ownly goin' to take his belt off."

I noticed that they were not really hurting the policeman, and after a fierce struggle they overpowered him and took his belt off.

"There," cried the man who had the belt, triumphantly holding it up before me, "you arr witness that we 'ave tooked 'is belt off!"

"But why do you want to take it off?" I asked.

"If a bobby wass lose 'is belt 'e wass lose 'is coat!" replied the men in chorus.

I found that they had a grudge against the constable, and there being a popular belief among the Welsh peasantry that a constable who loses his belt will be discharged from the force, they had adopted this means of revenge.

SANDY'S WIT.

SANDY BROWN was a great worker for the Unionist party during the recent election. His next door neighbour, Tammas Wood, had long been a Radical, but gradually Sandy's influence had gained the mastery, and Tammas became a Tory. One morning Sandy met Tammas, and pulling a card from his pocket, said:

"Man Tammas, fat dae ye think o' the Unionists noo? See, they've sent me a platform ticket for the big meeting the morn."

"Ay," said Tammas slowly, "it's queer that I hae got nae ticket; I'm thinkin', seein' they're sae forgetfu', that I'll jist vote Liberal aifter a'."

Sandy was a bit crestfallen at the thought of losing Tammas's vote, but, struck with a bright idea, he said:

"Man Tammas, look here though, my name begins wi' B, an' yours begins wi' W, they'll no hae got doon your length yet; jist wait, an' your card 'll be posted the nicht."

"Weel, weel," said Tammas doubtfully, "we'll see."

Sandy, after leaving Tammas, immediately went and posted to him his own platform ticket. A few hours afterwards Tammas, radiant with joy, entered Sandy's shop with the platform ticket in his hand, and said:

"Man Sandy, ye wis richt aifter a', the Tories 'll get my vote yet!"

NEW SERIAL STORY STARTS THE WEEK AFTER NEXT.

Those readers who remember "The Final War," which appeared in *Pearson's Weekly* four years ago will be interested to know that Mr. Louis Tracy is now writing a powerful new domestic novel entitled:

"THE GREAT STRIKE," A NORTH COUNTRY STORY OF TO-DAY.

No finer work of fiction of this particular description has ever been written. It grips the reader's attention from the first chapter, and maintains its interest throughout.

A powerful pen-picture is drawn of home life in an industrial village, which will appeal to every home-loving Britisher.

THE FIRST INSTALMENT WILL APPEAR IN "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" CHRISTMAS DOUBLE NUMBER.

All the advance winter fashions, not yet on show in the West-end establishments, are shown in the HOME NOTES Christmas Double Fashion Number.

PARIS'S PET PAPER.

ALL ABOUT THE PAPER WITH THE LARGEST CIRCULATION IN THE WORLD.

WITH the daily circulation of eleven hundred and fifty thousand copies, which in days of public excitement over a political struggle or some particularly abominable crime, leaps up to thirteen or fourteen hundred thousand, LE PETIT JOURNAL, of Paris, can claim to be the most widely read paper in the world. And this result is achieved without any of that enormous expenditure on news without which, in England, for instance, no paper can hope to survive the fierce competition of its rivals.

It has a correspondent in every town and village of France, indeed every one of the fifteen thousand newsagents who distribute the paper throughout the whole country is expected, if occasion arises, to act as special correspondent, and the most arduous duty of the editorial staff consists in selecting from the huge mass of local news which is poured in every day such items as are likely to be of general interest.

As a rule, the amount of matter sent in every day in this way would be enough to fill the paper six times over. No matter how small the locality may be in which the occurrence may have taken place, the item, if the story be an interesting one, will be published.

It is, however, to their *feuilletons* or serial stories that the managers of LE PETIT JOURNAL have always looked for a steady increase in circulation. These serial stories are of a kind of fiction which exists in France alone. It would be difficult to explain to the English novel-reader what is the reason of its immense popularity in France. How great this is, is shown by the fact that the successful producers of this class of story can earn by far the largest incomes in the literary

MARKET OF THE WORLD.

The stories are all after one model, and form the most astounding mixture of sentimentality and sensation. They are outside the pale of literary criticism; their authors are spoken of with contempt by their colleagues; but they delight the French public, and are read by millions of readers all over France.

The king amongst these writers is Xavier de Montépin, an old gentleman of aristocratic descent, who has written over a hundred *feuilletons*, and is still the most popular writer in France. A story from his pen will increase the circulation of any paper to which it is contributed, and so well was this understood by the editors of LE PETIT JOURNAL that for a long time he had a direct interest in any increase of circulation which might follow on the publication of a new story of his.

It is not, however, given to every author to succeed in this branch of literary work. The great Balzac failed dismally as a writer of *feuilletons*. Whenever a story of his appeared as a serial in a newspaper, the circulation of that newspaper used to go down with a run. And when the other day the proprietors of LE PETIT JOURNAL started a competition for a *feuilleton*, with a first prize of thirty thousand francs, out of seven or eight hundred stories sent in, only ten could be used, and every one of these was by a professional *feuilletoniste*.

Apart from its novelists, LE PETIT JOURNAL does not depend on names. With the exception of the occasional leading article on political matters, the theatrical critique, and the short daily *resumé* of theatrical news, which are signed by their writers, all matter is anonymous. In this respect LE PETIT JOURNAL differs from the great majority of French newspapers, in most of which every paragraph almost is signed by the

PERSON WHO WROTE IT.

The signature "Thomas Grimm," which appears below the leading article on matters other than political, is the collective *nom-de-plume* of a large staff of contributors. This policy has been in vogue in the office of LE PETIT JOURNAL ever since the days of the famous "Timothy Trimm." That was in the early days of the paper. "Timothy Trimm" was the pseudonym adopted by a clever writer who for two years was under a contract with LE PETIT JOURNAL to supply the leading article daily.

During this period the circulation of the paper increased by leaps and bounds, and "Timothy Trimm" attributed this success to his collaboration. It quite turned his head. He used to boast that it was he who had made the paper, and became so vain, that he used to write his daily article in one of the boulevard cafés, so that people might see a great journalist at work.

When his contract expired, and the question of its renewal arose, he asked such exorbitant terms that the proprietors were forced to dispense with his services. To his mortification, the steady increase in the circulation of the paper continued after his signature had disappeared from its columns. The managers, however, had had a lesson, and took warning against the possible danger of associating their enterprise with the name of one man.

LE PETIT JOURNAL was the pioneer of the halfpenny Press in France. It was founded by a banker named Milland, in 1863. The venture was considered an insane one at the time, an opinion which was more or less shared by M. Millaud himself. He was literally worried into the speculation by a journalist, a friend of his.

Its success was immediate and startling. The paper was started on February 2nd, and by the end of the month its circulation had reached one hundred thousand copies a day, which was about three times that of any other paper published in Paris. From that day to this it has risen steadily, though, of course, not without fluctuations, and that its proprietors have every reason to believe that this steady increase will be maintained in the future is proved by the fact that this year they have made arrangements to extend their premises to double their present size.

That so large a building and a staff so numerous—the employés of LE PETIT JOURNAL exceed seven hundred—should be necessary for the production of the paper, even taking into consideration the enormous quantities which have to be produced, will be better understood when it is added that in connection with LE PETIT JOURNAL a number of other businesses are carried out.

The output of papers from the premises in the Rue Lafayette therefore exceeds ten and a half million copies a week.

The PETIT JOURNAL has no editor in the English sense of the word. Monsieur Marinoni acts as political director, and directs the policy of the paper on any question of paramount importance. It is, however, only on exceptional occasions that he interferes with M. Ernest Judet, who writes the occasional political leaders which appear in the paper, and who is one of the few contributors who is

ALLOWED TO SIGN HIS NAME.

The editorship of LE PETIT JOURNAL reposes rather in the hands of a triumvirate, of three *chefs de service*. Of these, one attends to political matters, which have never held much place in the paper; another is at the head of the general news and telegraphic departments; and the third attends to the advertisements.

The editorial staff is a large one, and includes some of the best reporters in Paris. The salaries paid by LE PETIT JOURNAL, varying from twenty-four to thirty-two pounds a month, compare favourably with those paid by other papers, especially in this respect, that they are sure to be forthcoming at the end of each month, and that a position on this paper may be considered a permanency.

These are advantages which exist in very few other newspaper offices in Paris, where the life of the journalist is the most precarious of existences. They are advantages which compensate the members of the editorial staff for the absence of those satisfactions of personal vanity which have to be sacrificed to the policy of strict anonymity enforced by the management. Much if not the greater part of the work of the staff consists in cutting down the immense amount of matter which is sent in every day by the correspondents of the paper all over France.

Four editions of the paper are published daily. The earliest edition is got ready by four o'clock, and is destined for the remotest parts of France. The second edition, which contains later news, is sent out at eight, and goes to parts nearer the capital; the third edition is for the districts still nearer; whilst the fourth and last, which is published at

THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING,

is for the Parisian readers of the paper.

The four editions thus come simultaneously into the hands of the huge public of the paper, but of course the Paris edition contains far more news than the first edition, which is read in Marseilles or Biarritz or the extreme limits of Brittany.

Twelve of the famous Marinoni rotary machines are used in the printing of the four editions of LE PETIT JOURNAL. Each of these machines can turn out 40,000 copies of the paper in one hour, and delivers them in piles of one hundred. Seven tons of metal are used in preparing the 300 stereos which are used on these twelve machines. During the siege, when ammunition ran short in Paris the patriotic PETIT JOURNAL contributed a quantity of stereo metal for the manufacture of shells and bullets.

Every department in the production of this tiny paper is on a scale equally large. The annual consumption of printer's ink is calculated at 250 tons. The monthly postal delivery averages 60,000 letters, which are dealt with by 85 clerks, not including the 58 clerks employed in the news agency department. There are 30 telephones on the premises, and by means of four telegraphic apparatuses over 75,000 words of news are sometimes received in one day. The cashiers deal with a million sterling per annum.

The size of the paper, that is to say the number of pages, never varies, however great the press of matter or of advertisements may be. From one year's end to the other it remains a small four-page paper. Yet if all the copies of this small four-page paper which are printed in one year were laid end to end, they would form a band which would engirdle the earth ten times over.

And as Monsieur Cassigneul, the general manager, to whom I am indebted for the information contained in this article, remarked when I visited the office of LE PETIT JOURNAL: "It is beginning to go."

NEW WAY OF SMOKING.

A GASFITTER in Gloucester, whilst working at the residence of a generously-disposed gentleman was offered a cigar by the latter, which was accepted with many thanks.

A person called to see this tradesman at his house in the evening, and, to his amazement, found him seated near the fire, bellows in hand, blowing away at the said cigar which he had lighted and fixed in an ornament.

On being asked the meaning of this extraordinary proceeding, he replied:

"Oh, don't 'e see, I can't smoke 'em meself, but I do like the smell on 'em, and that's why I be a-doin' this."

THE ROMANCE OF A NECKLACE.

AN old Frenchwoman died in a poor part of Dublin, and her little effects were put up for auction.

Among other odds-and-ends was a necklace of dirty-looking green stones, which did not attract much attention. However, a shrewd pair of Jews thought there might be "money in it," and decided to purchase it, clubbing together £5 for the purpose.

On taking it to a well-known jeweller, he promptly offered £1,500, which sum they at once indignantly refused (with hands upraised in righteous horror), and sold the necklace (of purest emeralds) for £7,000 in London, where Lord Rosebery, on his marriage, purchased it for something like £20,000!

The old Frenchwoman's mother had been attached to the Court of France, and the emeralds had once formed part of the Crown jewels.

HE LIKED KIDNEYS.

A LONDON gentleman having taken a small farm in the country as being the correct thing to do, as well as to get a little fresh air, had invited some of his friends down to see his new possession.

Having viewed the domain, and noting the absence of creature life about the place, one of his friends remarked:

"With a nice, open place like this, I wonder you don't have some animals about, as is usual on a farm; some cows, for instance, so as to have your own butter and cream."

"No-o," drawled his host; "don't care about butter or cream."

"Some chickens or ducks, then. You surely like fresh eggs?"

"N-o, don't care for eggs. But I've sometimes thought I'd keep a sheep; I rather like kidneys for breakfast."

FISHY.

A WELL-KNOWN professor of legerdemain recently gave a performance in the Pier Pavilion of a popular South Coast town, one of his principal tricks being to produce, by some mysterious agency, a large bowl of fish.

Placing a cloth over the top of a small table in the middle of the stage he made a series of flourishes with his magic wand, and slowly raising the cloth revealed a good-sized glass bowl well filled with water, which he declared, amid much applause, had been obtained direct from the sea below.

"And now," observed the professor, "as this place is so renowned for its excellent fish, we will endeavour to catch a few."

Again placing the cloth over the bowl, he made a few more waves with his magic wand.

"Ah! there they come," he exclaimed. "One, two, three; now in fives and sixes; there comes another, and——"

"I say, mister," chimed in a small voice at the back, "do you know there's no water there—it's low tide!"

The professor evidently didn't, and that trick was "off" during the remainder of his visit.

A Story, Please.

THE Editor is in want of really good *original* anecdotes, and is willing to give his contributors fair return for contributing them.

All attempts, however, must be the original work of the sender. By original we do not mean simply reading an anecdote, and then writing it out in a different manner, and still retaining the same idea; the story must be original in every detail.

Each week the best dozen or so will be published, and the sender of each will receive a prize in the shape of a stereoscope or penknife, whichever may be chosen. Competitors are requested to state on their attempts the prize they would prefer. In addition to this, the sender of the best story published during December will receive a cheque for £5.

All stories must arrive on postcards addressed to the "Little Story Editor," *Pearson's Weekly*, 17 and 18 Henrietta Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Toilet hints, cookery recipes, furnishing notes, and much more will always be found in HOME NOTES.

WHEN GREAT MEN LOOK PLEASANT.

HOW CELEBRITIES BEHAVE WHILST BEING PHOTOGRAPHED.

So insatiable is the craving of the public to peep behind the scenes of the life of our great men that every detail, however unimportant, is eagerly read and discussed. Here are the results of an exhaustive inquiry recently instituted into that interesting subject, "How celebrities behave whilst being photographed."

It would be easier, it seems, to fill a whale with shrimps than induce some people to look quite natural and unconcerned whilst being photographed.

Lord Salisbury sits as if he were carved out of stone, and never speaks to the photographer.

Lord Rosebery, although he dislikes sitting, makes a good subject; but Mr. Goschen, through inability to restrain a spasmodic twitching of the lips, spoils plate after plate.

Mr. Balfour looks bored but amiable, and has a difficulty in disposing of his legs.

The Duke of Devonshire has to be carefully watched. He has been known to yawn in the middle of one of his own speeches, and he carries this habit, I am assured on the authority of two of the most fashionable photographers of the day, into the studio.

M.P.'s, gauged by their public utterances, entertain a tolerably good opinion of themselves, but I am assured that for downright vanity they are not in it with aldermen, county councillors, and mayors. I have the authority of a leading London photographer for the statement that it is quite a common thing for aldermen and mayors to journey to the Metropolis after election to have themselves photographed in their official robes. London County councillors are also so vain of their position that when the bill splitting up the Metropolis into mayoralties gets into full swing the photographers anticipate a golden harvest.

When London's Council was first elected there was a general rush to the studios, and as the misdeeds of the late Metropolitan Board of Works were still fresh in people's minds every councillor endeavoured to infuse into his features the virtuous look of the stern, uncompromising reformer.

When the operator is summoned to Windsor he is always told that Her Majesty, not being very robust, will be unable to give him more than ten minutes.

Should, however, the Empress Frederick or Princess Beatrice be present—both excellent judges—an hour will frequently be spent in conversation, in which the operator shares.

The Prince of Wales is good-humoured and so is the Duke of York.

The Royal ladies would be admirable sitters, but as they are surrounded by a number of fussy people, they give photographers no end of trouble.

On one occasion an operator heard the Duchess of York, when she was Princess May, whisper to her friends:

"If you don't leave me alone, I'll run out of the place."

Lord Roberts, before sitting, eyes the operator as if he would like to court-martial him, then smiles and drops into the chair.

Lord Kitchener sits bolt upright, facing the camera as if it were a Boer tearing up a line of railway. A photographer tells me that Kitchener's sight must be improving. The Soudan hero was taken six months before the South African war by flash light, his blue eyes retaining their curious steadfast gaze, although the momentary glare was very great.

A look of extreme melancholy overspreads the features of Mr. Cecil Rhodes the moment the photographer insinuates that a slight smile would greatly improve the picture.

Military men are very anxious about the set of their uniforms, and have to be repeatedly assured that their medals and orders will come out all right; they are also, as a rule, stiff and silent.

Adelina Patti takes an absorbing interest in the operation, and frequently refuses to leave till she has been permitted "one peep."

The contented look on Mr. H. A. Jones's face suggests a recent perusal of one of his own plays, but Mr. Pinero conveys the idea of a long rehearsal with a stupid company.

Charles Wyndham and Henry Neville have the gift of perpetual youth. A West-end photographer showed me, when I called on him, two photographs of Charles Wyndham. They looked as if they had both been taken that very day. One was, but the other bore the date 1887.

Edward Terry, after much pressing, once tendered a smile which he himself described as "resembling the sunshine on a glacier."

Poor Mr. Toole, whose health is still very shaky, would have been in his heyday more popular with photographers had he occupied less of their time. Mr. Toole has been known to enter a studio at twelve and not leave it till two, to the intense delight of the employees, who crowded the staircases and anterooms to listen to his anecdotes.

Authors, as a rule, are bad sitters. Rider Haggard is restless, and has been known to take out his pocket-book and make a note at the moment the warning was given.

Walter Besant's pockets being generally crammed with proofs of MSS. have to be emptied before posing.

FACTS FOR FOOTBALLERS.

SCOTLAND won all her Association International matches last year, and Ireland lost all hers. England and Wales each won one, lost one, and drew one.

THE experiences of Notts County in 1894 were unique. As a Second Division club they won the English Cup, yet they were defeated in the League test matches by Preston North End.

CAPTAIN W. N. BOLTON, of the Wiltshire Regiment, now in South Africa, was a contemporary of A. E. Stoddart, and is probably the tallest man who ever played in a Rugby International.

W. G. NEILSON, who has been fighting in South Africa with the Gordon Highlanders, is one of the very few players who have been "capped" while still schoolboys. He was only seventeen when he first represented Scotland in an International match.

LORD DALMENY, Lord Rosebery's son, is one of the best players at Eton's own particular kind of football known as the "Wall Game." Besides being one of the keepers of the wall, Lord Dalmeny is keeper of the racquet courts and President of the Eton Society.

THOSE famous players, John Goodall and R. Holmes, are this season officiating as linesmen in League games, and are performing their duties in a manner that meets with the approval of the competing clubs. No less than twenty-one International caps do these two share between them, Goodall possessing just twice as many as his former club-mate.

W. H. WALLER, captain of the Richmond Association was a much sought after player last season. He, played for Queen's Park v. Corinthians; he gained his London and Middlesex caps and League medal; he was one of the English International team which visited Germany; he assisted Bolton Wanderers in an all-important match, and he did duty on more than one occasion for Tottenham Hotspur, the Southern League champions. This season he has already performed between the sticks for Southampton during the suspension of Robinson, their International goal-keeper.

MR. BRETTELL, of Portsmouth, played with Everton when the latter's "ground" was at Stanley Park, and depended on the good offices of the spectators to keep the touch line clear.

CLUBS in the English and Scottish Leagues are not allowed to pay more than £10 a man as "signing-on bonus." An *exposé* is threatened against several clubs in the two organisations.

J. M'AULEY, the old Dumbarton player who kept goal for Scotland in nine international matches, is now in Burma, and has just finished a most successful season between the sticks for the Rangoon Club.

THE most prolific scorer in First League football last season was Garratty, who netted the ball twenty-five times for Aston Villa. Steve Bloomer, often described as the champion goal-getter, made only eighteen successful shots.

THE "Water-drinkers" is the name which is answered to by the West Ham United Club, who have been evolved this season out of the Thames Ironworks F.C. Mr. Hills, the head of the great shipbuilding firm, is well-known for his advocacy of teetotal principles.

A UNIQUE feature will attach to the present season. It will have two lots of exempts—the usual eighteen, with the four semi-finalists, and the other clubs who will have to play an extra round with the ten who work through the qualifying competition.

THIS departure was really brought about because three secretaries—those of Liverpool, Stoke, and Portsmouth—had forgotten to comply with the English Association Rules, and hence were regarded as non-entrants when the exempts were chosen. Had the new scheme not been tried, a clerical oversight might have cost hundreds of pounds, and possibly even the Cup.

PEERS, of Notts Forest, has reason to look upon his club's match with Everton at Nottingham as distinctly unlucky so far as he is personally concerned. In this season's encounter he was badly knocked on the head, and had to be carried off the ground, an untimely incident which is an exact repetition of what took place last year in the corresponding match.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY

FOOTBALL PICTURE PUZZLES.

2nd LIST. **£100 IN PRIZES.** 2nd LIST.

1st Prize - - £50 in Gold.

2nd Prize - - - - £10 Note
3rd, 4th, and 5th Prizes - 3 £5 Notes
6th to 20th Prizes - 15 Sovereigns
21st to 40th Prizes - 20 Half-Sovs.

Below will be found ten pictures; each picture representing the name of a well-known football player.

If you cannot find all the names, ask your friends to help you.

If you look at the picture in the margin you will see that the name is Maxwell. What are the other names?

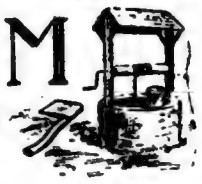
All you have to do is to write underneath each picture, in the space provided, the name of the player you believe the picture to represent. Then keep the list by you until TWO other lists have appeared. We will tell you when to send them in.

Each set of four lists must be sent in separate envelopes, and will be considered as different attempts.

Only one solution is allowed under each picture.

Where two men bear the same surname, but different christian names, the christian name or initial is indicated in the picture.

Example.



Maxwell.

The prizes will be paid to the competitors from whom we receive the correct, or most nearly correct, solutions.

No more than one prize will go to any competitor.

It must be taken as a condition of the competition that anybody competing therein agrees to abide by the Editor's final decision.

Intending competitors in the above would do well to procure a copy of "The Football Who's Who," which contains the names of about a thousand of the best known players. This book will be found of great service in discovering the names depicted. It only costs a shilling, and may be obtained of all booksellers, and post free for 1s. 3d. from the publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

No. 11.....

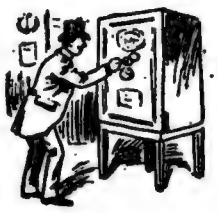
No. 12.....

No. 13.....

No. 14.....

No. 15.....

No. 16.....



No. 17.....

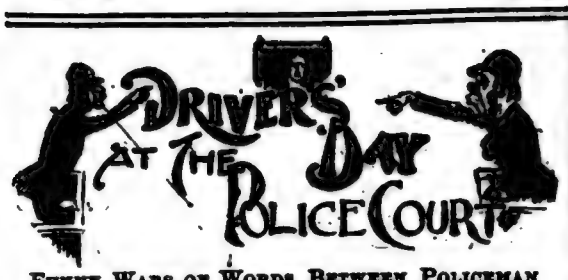
No. 18.....

No. 19.....

No. 20.....

Name..... *Address*.....

Stories to suit every taste will be found in this week's SHORT STORIES.



FUNNY WARS OF WORDS BETWEEN POLICEMAN AND CABBY.

THE phase of London life which seems to most impress the foreign visitor to our sea-girt isle is the street traffic of London. It is not the appalling noise which splits the ear and shakes the bones in their sockets, or even the endless succession of vehicles which gather and swell till the traffic becomes congested and a block ensues, that excite their wonderment.

What moves them to admiration is the stolid imperturbability with which the constable grapples with this difficulty, and the implicit obedience with which his orders are obeyed.

Were the foreigners who look on admiringly to probe this question of the street traffic a little deeper, they would learn that our magnificent police, as they call them, rely largely for their success on the support they receive from the magistrates who preside over the police-courts of the metropolis. The Continental observer, therefore, when he contrasts the police of his own country with ours, need feel no humiliation now that he is told that the active and intelligent officer is obeyed because he knows that the respect entertained by the Anglo-Saxon for the law, is greatly intensified when a violation carries with it a fine and perhaps imprisonment.

What makes this phase of London life still more curious is that the public at large know as little of the matter as the foreigner. It is probably owing to the fact that only a small proportion of the business transacted in the police-courts of London finds its way into the daily papers, that the public must believe that the people compelled either by warrant or summons to attend are more or less connected with the criminal classes, whereas the jurisdiction of the police-courts has of late years become so extensive that a great deal of the business transacted

DOES NOT REFER TO CRIMINALS AT ALL.

When such folk are numerous enough to form a class, certain afternoons in each week are set apart for the hearing of cases in which they are concerned.

At Marlborough Street Police-Court Tuesdays and Fridays, after the night charges and other cases are disposed of, are reserved for drivers of vehicles who have been summoned for disobeying the police rules in force for the proper regulation of the traffic in the streets of the metropolis, and it was on one of these afternoons that *P.W.* found himself on three successive occasions surveying quite a number of persons, all more or less possessing that rubicund countenance and mottled complexion which all drivers of 'buses and cabs seem to share in common.

On two out of the three of my visits these folk all wore that look of mingled apathy and despair usually to be seen on the faces of people who have made up their minds for the worst. It was not because the word of their enemies, the police, who sat in serried rows on the other side of the court, was certain to be taken before theirs—for they knew that no magistrate with a reputation for getting through his charge-sheet ever bestowed the slightest credence on a driver's defence—the deep dejection and despondency exhibited by all defendants that afternoon was owing to the fact of

MR HANNAY BEING ON THE BENCH.

"De Rutzen is a toff," whispered a cabman; "you looks sorry, you're respectful to the coppers in the box, at the finish you gets off with the cost of the summons and you goes off rejoicing. But Hannay, 'e 'ates cabmen, 'e do, and 'bus drivers. 'E fines you 2s. 6d. for nothink, and makes it 5s. if you've been 'ad up before. This makes us speak out on our defence, and when we does that we cops it 'ot."

The souls of the drivers chastened by numerous corrections naturally incline to silence, but the prospect of a 5s. fine besides the cost of the summons is so appalling that numbers of poor fellows are tempted to plead "not guilty." One such case caused a myrmidon of the law to whisper to me "that if some people were not so fond of hearing their own voice when afore the beak, their pockets when they got home wouldn't be so empty of brass."

In an age which is so controversial that it is almost impossible to secure a consensus of opinion on any subject, it is worth recording that there exists in the minds of all the London 'bus drivers and cabmen a practically unanimous belief that the police are the natural enemies of their order. Indeed, so great is the disgust Robert inspires, that when they do engage in wordy warfare with their foes they surrender their fancy to the most fantastic sallies. Said an officer giving evidence on one occasion.

"I stopped the traffic on the off-side to enable it to flow amicably when defendant, disregarding my outstretched hand, drove the pole of his vehicle into my back. When I remonstrated with him he shouted out, 'Look here, you ain't keeping flies off turnips or gnawing swedes for your complexion now, you putty-faced effigy in buttons.'"

The recital of this injurious epithet evoked such a murmur of admiration in the rubicund, mottled quarter, that the culprit, much gratified, turned to his friends and bowed his acknowledgments. But his triumph was short-lived.

"Wit is a very rare and valuable gift," said his worship dryly. "It has its uses too, one of which is not to exercise it at the expense of policemen on duty. Five shillings, and two shillings costs."

But this want of appreciation did not deter another defendant from eliciting the disparaging remarks he had levelled against his prosecutor. In fact, when drivers do break silence, their questions are generally framed with a view of eliciting some of the brilliant repartee they have indulged in at the officer's expense.

(To Officer): "Didn't I say I had a fare to pick up?" "No." "Didn't I say my 'oss was young and stopped to amuse 'isself?" "No." "What did I say, then?"

"You said I was 'a corf-drop a-mouching rahnd for the sergeant's stripes."

This criticism was also so well received that the next defendant, after the constable had given his evidence, addressed the magistrate as follows:

"I know that constable well, your Worship, and I can tell you that Ananias won't want a pal while he's about."

Whilst it is pleasant to be able to record that the commercial spirit of the age has not

DIMMED THE BRIGHTNESS

of the wit, it is a pity they should be so conspicuously deficient in logic and common sense. Some of the defences made at Marlborough Street reveal a truly startling simplicity of character.

"You are charged with plying for hire. If innocent, why did you hold up your hand?"

"Just to stretch my arm, your worship, cos it wor tired a-holding up my whip."

"Your defence is neither ingenious nor convincing."

"Well, your worship, blest if I knows wot to say for the best when I comes to this court."

Still, now and then a defence is somewhat calculated to puzzle even the judicial mind.

"You are charged with obstructing the progress of one of Her Majesty's prison vans journeying to Holloway."

"Well, your worship, I didn't get out of the way because I thought the little lot inside wasn't in no particular hurry."

The magistrate looked still more puzzled when it transpired that another defendant who had been summoned for stopping his 'bus on a crossing was not the driver of the 'bus at all. It is true he was the regular driver, but on the day in question he had been taken ill and gone home to bed, leaving his vehicle to be driven by a help not acquainted with the regulations concerning

STOPPING AT CROSSINGS.

The worthy magistrate could and did subsequently fine a cabman, who, on the strength of an illegal notice, took up his position believing that it was a cab-stand, on the ground that ignorance of the law was no excuse for breaking it, but how could he fine a driver for an offence which he had not committed. In this case outraged justice was baffled.

Although the majority of the drivers summoned can ill afford the fines and costs, to say nothing of the loss of time, still, the deep despondency they exhibit is not wholly due to financial reasons. Incredible as it may seem, the majority, till their case is called, do not know why they are summoned. Impelled thereto by his conductor, a driver, to make up lost time, will send the horses along at such a pace as to attract the attention of an argus-eyed official, and down goes the number of the 'bus in the constable's book, with the result that three weeks or a month after the happiness of the offender's family is rudely disturbed by the receipt of a blue piece of paper commanding their bread winner to appear to show cause, and so on.

"If we was told at the time and hauled up in a week we could bring witnesses. But a month. Oh, lor!"

"WHAT did Freddy say when you caught him coming out of the pantry with his hands stained red?"

"He told the truth by saying that he had jammed his fingers."

"HAVE a cigar, judge," said a young lawyer. "By the way, did you ever try this brand?"

"Yes," replied the judge, "and I regret to say I found it guilty."

"JIMMY," exclaimed the first boy, "teacher jumped on you very quick. Picked you up and walloped you like lightnin', didn't he?"

"No," replied the other boy ruefully, "not like lightnin'. He struck too often in the same place."

"You know Weightman, the big, stout clerk at our shop?"

"Yes. He must weigh over thirteen stone."

"Well, he saw an advertisement in the paper, 'Fat folks reduced—five shillings,' and he answered it."

"Didn't he hear from them?"

"Oh, yes. It was just as advertised."

"That's good. How much has he been reduced?"

"Why, five shillings."

THE PRINCE.

THE Marlborough is the Prince's favourite club.

"Birch" was the name of the Prince's first tutor.

The Prince first saw camp and barrack life in 1861.

The Royal Irish Fusiliers wear the Prince of Wales's plume.

The Prince's racing skipper was once an East coast fishing lad.

The Prince's racing flag is red and with the Prince of Wales's plume.

The Prince prizes a blackthorn presented to him by an Irish peasant.

Of public institutions the Prince displays special interest in hospitals.

On his eighteenth birthday the Prince became Colonel (unattached) and K.G.

The Prince first took his place in public beside the Queen April 3rd, 1854.

When playing cricket at Oxford the Prince usually wore the Bullingdon Club's colours.

Brickmaking was one of the earliest practical courses of instruction that the Prince received.

Lord Renfrew was the title under which the Prince visited Canada and the United States in 1860.

The Prince holds the unique distinction of having graduated at three Universities (Oxford, Cambridge and Edinburgh).

The crimson sleeves, blue body, and gold braid of the Prince's racing jacket are considered to be the handsomest colours on the turf.

Large class yacht racing would have undoubtedly declined had not the Prince shown so sportsmanlike a spirit in sailing the *Britannia*.

The Prince is Colonel-in-Chief of the Household Cavalry, also of the Prince of Wales's Own Royal Hussars, but not of the Prince of Wales's Lancers nor of the Prince of Wales's Dragoon Guards.

It would be difficult to state the Prince's favourite pastime, but there could hardly be one in which he shows greater enjoyment than that of shooting through the coverts of a fine old-English demesne.

The Prince of Wales's greatest yacht racing rival is the Kaiser, a most generous supporter of British pleasure craft sailing. As head of the Royal Yacht Squadron, the Prince holds precedence to the German Emperor—the only man living that does so.

The Prince is a member of the following yacht clubs: The Royal Yacht Squadron (commodore), Royal Albert, Royal Cinque Ports, Royal Dorset, Royal Highland, Royal Portsmouth, Royal Thames, Royal Victoria, and Royal Western of England, and is also president of the Yacht Racing Association.

The Prince of Wales's plume is worn as a badge by the following regiments: 3rd Prince of Wales's Dragoon Guards, 10th Prince of Wales's Own Royal Hussars, 12th Prince of Wales's Lancers, Prince of Wales's Own (West Yorkshire), Royal Welsh Fusiliers, Prince of Wales's Volunteers (the old 40th), the Welsh (old 41st), Prince of Wales's North Staffordshire, Royal Irish Fusiliers (Princess Victoria of Wales's), the Prince of Wales's Leinster Regiment, and Royal Canadians.

TAKE A MOMENT'S REST FROM TWENTY TEAZER

AND - SIGN - THE - COUPON.

478 INSURANCE CLAIMS HAVE BEEN PAID.

(Including one of a Thousand Pounds.)

This Insurance holds good for any number of claims to the extent of £1,000—not for one only. £1,000 specially guaranteed by the OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 40, 42, and 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notice of claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address. Insurance ticket, applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland, issued under section 38 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act; 1890.

£1,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and post-office officials in any of the railway sorting vans, and railway servants travelling with pass or railway servants' ticket in an ordinary carriage), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on the first page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of Pearson's *Weekly* may decide to be Next-of-kin of any cyclist who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on the first page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address, within three days of its occurrence.

Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-months' subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the publisher, need not, during the period covered by their sub-scription, clip the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

The above conditions are the essence of the contract.

This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Rules No. 2 and 6.

The Purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Now on sale, the Christmas Double Fashion Number of HOME NOTES, price Twopence.

New and Strange.

A PIECE of toe joined to the stump of a severed finger is the latest experiment in surgical science. The top of a man's second toe was thus jointed to the remains of his finger, and he can now use his composite digit quite easily.

THE viagraph is an instrument for testing the unevenness of road surfaces, and may be described as a kind of straight-edge. A little wheel, which rises and falls as it passes over the uneven surface, moves a pencil, which traces a plan in miniature.

Now that Christmas will soon be here, the time has come to think about buying presents. A novelty which is likely to prove very popular is the Brownie Camera, the price of which is only five shillings. It is manufactured by Kodak Limited, which should be a sufficient guarantee of its excellence. Full directions for using are given away with each camera.

THE latest form of intoxication is by the inhalation of illuminating gas. A man has just died from indulgence in this habit; he described it as superior to alcohol, opium, or morphine. After inhaling the gas, you go to sleep and have the most delicious dreams; it soothes pain, and is free from the choking feeling noticed after taking ether, but it gives you a cough. It is, however, more deadly in its effects than either of the substances above mentioned.

MESSRS. RAPHAEL TUCK AND SON are responsible this year for some of the most charming Christmas cards that grace the counters of those responsible for disposing of them to the public. As each year's cards are produced, one is inclined to think that surely no fresh designs can be forthcoming. Yet the following year every card is as different from the previous year's designs as possibly next year's will be from this year's. How it is done is a great secret known only to Messrs. Tuck.

"THE RACE TO PRETORIA" is a new game brought out by Messrs. Apel and Co., of 55 Robertson Street Hastings. The sheet on which the game is played is linen-backed, can be folded up, and is so arranged that the corners can be easily secured and the board kept taut. Each player has a flag, and the moves towards the goal—Pretoria—depend upon the result obtained by the player in a throw of the dice. There are "defeats," with corresponding disadvantages in the race, and other intricacies which make the game both interesting and instructive.

AN ingenious little contrivance is the "Clippette" lace-fastener. It consists of a small piece of elastic and a neat fastener. One end is put under the lace before tying knot of bow, and the other end is brought over the tied bow and fastened, thereby securing the bow. This invention, which should prove invaluable to ladies especially, can be obtained for the small sum of sixpence per pair, in all colours, of the leading houses in the trade. The manufacturers are W. F. Shields and Co. Limited, 9 Coleman Street, London, E.C.

ALL who are condemned by Fate to wear trousers and who have leanings towards a fashionable attire will look with approval on a new idea in the way of trouser presses patented by Mr. W. Dutton, of 9 Bridge Street Row, Chester. The new presses not only press the trousers, insuring the correct crease, but stretch them at the same time. Only the lower part of the trousers, however, is pressed, and only the top part stretched, and in this way the shape of the lower part of the trousers is preserved as designed by the tailor, and is not stretched out of shape, as usually happens when stretchers are employed.

A VERY clever device is the patent shaving brush. Shavers have often experienced annoyance and discomfort when the soap has suddenly disappeared from the soap-dish, and not another bit of soap could be found. It was doubtless with this fact before his mind that induced Mr. Frank Privett, of 27 Chardmore Road, Upper Clapton, N., to devise a new shaving brush. It has the appearance of an ordinary brush, but the handle forms a hollow tube, fitted with a screw cap, into which a cylindrically shaped piece of soap is placed. Before using you give the cap a slight turn, which movement presses the soap forward just sufficient for a lather.

BOARDER: "You made me pay in advance at first because I was a stranger. That was all right; but I am not a stranger now."

Landlady: "No; I know you now."

"AH," he protested, "my love for you is the greatest thing in the world. It is larger than the world. It is wider than the sea. Let me pour it into your ears?"

"Sir!" ejaculated the fair maid. "Do you mean to insinuate anything about the size or shape of my ears?"

LITTLE JOHNNY (bursting in): "Oh, mamma, a nice old man gave me and Ikey Geldstein a handful of pennies."

His Mother: "Well, what did you and Ikey say?"

Little Johnny: "I said 'Thankee, sir!' but Ikey was too busy countin' his to say anything."

A Ten-Pound Note M.P.

THE House of Commons once contained a member who was known by his constituents as "The Ten-Pound Note M.P." This strangely-called legislator was elected in the old bribery days, and represented a borough notorious for the way in which the local "free and independent" voters placed a cash value upon a polling of their principles.

When first seeking the suffrages of the Scrumpington electorate, "Mr. Blank" made his intentions known to the effect that he would neither promise anything nor hold a meeting.

From the hopelessness of such a "niggardly" candidature, votes in Scrumpington on the occasion of that contest were not realising the price of an old song; little the wonder that when the poll was declared the non-promising Mr. Blank could claim but a solitary elector on his side.

A week or two after the contest, if such it could be called, had ended, the man who supported the loser received a letter of thanks, inclosed with which was a £10 note—"as a mark of appreciation for your good faith."

Speedily the news spread. Scrumpington was all excitement over this most unlooked-for £10 gift. Had they, the other electors, "only known," but their reflections came too late.

Three or four years passed, and again the little borough where political support was a marketable quality, was once more in the throes of an election; again came the same candidate with the non-promising programme, but what a difference was the result.

Literally, all Scrumpington hailed him, for there were people then who were anxious to secure a £10 note.

The mysterious Mr. Blank was returned by almost the little town's full voting strength, and soon Scrumpington's postman's double knock was listened for, in a kind of "have you got that £10 note" way.

Apparently, according to the opinions generally expressed upon the subject in Scrumpington, there had been some mistake, and not before long a meeting of the disappointed electors was held, at which a resolution was unanimously adopted that an intimation should be sent to their member respectfully pointing out an evident forgetfulness upon his part "to act as before" giving £10 to the voter who supported him.

Speedy and plain was the reply—"I should be sorry to think that there is an elector in Scrumpington who who could be bought at any price, and that is why I all the more value the distinguished and disinterested honour of representing so free and unbought a people."

Scrumpington was disfranchised by the first Reform Bill, but again it has of late been all excitement over a Ten-Pound Note Man of another sort.

On a crisp, cold day

Bovril is just as comforting and warming as a coal-fire; just as protecting against colds as good flannel. It "warms-up" both inside and outside, and gives invaluable protection to the body during attacks of colds, chills, and influenza. A cup of hot Bovril taken now and then, will refresh, warm, stimulate and strengthen. It will prevent the lassitude, fatigue, and weakness so often experienced when meals are missed, or are a long while apart. Bovril invigorates, vitalises, energises. It gives resisting power, so essential in warding off disease.

BOVRIL

Bovril Limited, recommend "VIROL" for the young.

HOME NOTES PAGE.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

ISOBEL will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

A Cracked Egg will boil perfectly well, if wrapped in greased paper, tied with string, and put into boiling water.

Worm-eaten Furniture should be treated thus: Take some copal varnish and varnish the wood well over with it; give it two coats, so that all holes are filled up.

To Make Beefsteak Tender. Mix a tablespoonful of oil with two of vinegar. Brush this over the steak, if at all tough, and let it lie in the mixture three hours before cooking. Turn the steak several times.

For the Hair, which is weak after an illness, apply the following mixture: Mix together one ounce of rosemary, one ounce of tincture of cantharides, and one ounce and a half of olive oil. Shake well before use, and rub a little into the scalp twice a week. Should the hair be greasy, afterwards rub it thoroughly with a soft bath towel.

Pickle for a Tongue. Two ounces of saltpetre, two ounces of baysalt, one ounce of salt prunella, three handfuls of common salt, one pound of treacle. Mix all thoroughly together, and lay it on the tongue, rubbing each day. This will be ready in three weeks or may stay six. A little cochineal very much improves the colour.

Eggs and Calf's Liver as a supper dish are generally acceptable. First fry six eggs and arrange in a long dish. Add a chopped onion to about two ounces of finely-chopped calf's liver, quickly toss in a frying-pan over a strong fire for about eight minutes, add a few drops of vinegar, salt, and a little cayenne pepper. Garnish both ends of the long dish with this, and serve with some thick gravy.

To Preserve Lemon Juice. This favourite recipe of mine will, I feel sure, suit your purpose. It is best to do this early in the year when lemons are cheap. Squeeze the juice from the lemons and strain it. Place in a china lined sauce-pan, or in a gallipot stood in a sauce-pan of boiling water. Bring the juice to boiling point and pour it into bottles. The bottles must be perfectly clean and dry and heated over the stove, before the liquid is poured into them. Use new corks for the bottles and dip their ends into melted wax. (*Reply to* A. W. T. and RICHMOND.)

An Excellent Christmas Cake. Dry one pound of flour, and add to it a teaspoonful of baking powder, ten ounces each of stoned raisins and currants. Cream together half-a-pound of butter with half-a-pound of caster sugar, add a wineglassful of brandy and a teaspoonful of cinnamon. Beat separately the yolks and whites of three eggs, and add to the butter and sugar. By degrees work in the dry ingredients and beat for a quarter of an hour. Line the cake-tin with buttered paper and bake the cake for two or three hours. Cover with almond paste and ice in the usual way. N.B.—If necessary add a little milk to the dough.

Spiced Bacon. Take three or four pounds of the flank of pork, remove all the bones, let it stand in cold water for twelve hours to remove the blood, changing the water two or three times if much discoloured. Make a pickle in the following manner: One quart of water, a quarter of a pound of common salt, a quarter of a pound of coarse sugar, one ounce of salt prunella. Mix all together and let the meat remain in this pickle a fortnight, turning it daily and rubbing in the salts. Take it out and dry thoroughly with a cloth. Shred bay and sage leaves in equal quantities. Strew thickly over the bacon with white pepper, roll the bacon up tightly and tie string round it every three inches. Smoke it, if possible, for three days and cut off fillets for boiling as required.

Zinc is best cleaned with hot, soapy water, then polished with kerosene and coal ash.

To Dry Parsley. Wash it, and shake dry. Set in a cool oven, and when it is crisp let it cool. Put into tins or bottles, and keep the air excluded. (*Reply to* H. M. P.)

To Clean Watch Chains. Dissolve a very little sal-ammoniac in wine and boil the soiled gold in it; this will thoroughly clean the gold and make it quite bright.

Before Using a New Sauce-pan, always fill it with water, add a lump of soda and some potato peels, and let all stew some hours. Then wash out thoroughly, and any fear of poisoning from the tinned lining of it will be gone.

Alcross Pudding. Line a dish with short or puff paste as preferred. Boil one pint and a half of milk, add three ounces of butter, and stir till it melts. Set half-a-pound of bread-crumbs in a basin, and pour milk and butter over. Grate the peel of a lemon very finely and stir it in with three ounces of sugar and two eggs. Bake the pudding to a delicate brown in a moderate oven. Serve hot.

To Reduce Weight by Dieting is quite possible; avoid all spongy bread, potatoes, and substantial puddings; also sugar in large quantities. Eat freely of meat, dry toast and rusks, fruit, drink nearly a pint of boiling water between meals. Do not drink much with your meals. Take plenty of exercise, and live with open windows night and day as far as possible. (*Reply to* FAT, Rishton.)

Always Clean a Young Child's Teeth both night and morning. A tooth-brush should not be used, as the little gums are so very tender. All that is necessary is to use a piece of soft linen dipped into warm water. If the first teeth are taken great care of and not allowed to decay, the second set will, as a rule, be good, but not otherwise. It is always well to let a dentist examine a child's mouth twice or thrice a year, in order that he may see what is necessary for them. (*Reply to* FINCHLEY.)

Old-Fashioned Pomatum. This recipe appears to be what you are needing; it is from an old manuscript of my mother's, so it is probably of the date you desire. Set half-a-pound of beef marrow and three ounces of lard in a gallipot, and stand in a cool oven till dissolved, then strain it through a piece of coarse muslin into a large bowl. Set the bowl in a pan of hot water, add half-a-pint of olive oil, and stir it constantly with a piece of stick, while it heats for an hour. When nearly cold add any scent essence preferred. Pour it into pots for use. (*Reply to* R. M. M.)

Almond Cheese Cakes. Take two ounces of caster sugar, two ounces of sweet almonds, and half-an-ounce of bitter almonds, one ounce of butter, a tablespoonful of cream, a dessertspoonful of brandy, and a squeeze of lemon juice. First blanch the almonds, then chop, and pound, add the rest of the ingredients by degrees, and mix thoroughly. Line patty-pans with pastry, three parts fill with this mixture, and bake in a good oven. Those who do not like bitter almonds should substitute two ounces of crushed ratafia biscuits soaked in a spoonful of hot milk.

A Good Recipe for a Happy Christmas. Christmas is a festive season when all the family tries to meet under the home roof. It is very enjoyable to be together, but there are times when one lacks amusement. It is then that we turn with enjoyment to the Special Christmas Numbers, with their chatty articles, their splendid illustrations and amusing competitions. HOME NOTES Christmas Double Fashion Number only costs 2d., and the paper pattern of the pretty blouse shown in the margin is given away with every copy. That popular little paper has always had a good Christmas number, but never one which was quite as good as the present. The demand is bound to be larger than usual, and a large number of people have hitherto been disappointed of their copy because they did not order it in advance. The HOME NOTES Christmas Double Fashion Number is on sale to-day, so get it from your newsagent now—if, indeed, that is not too late. Twopence!

Isobel

A SUGGESTION FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

You would like to make something, of course. But you do not know what to make? Then order at once from your newsagent ISOBEL'S NEEDLEWORK, price 2d. This excellent work, which contains over sixty illustrations, will be on sale on December 1st, and the demand is bound to be unprecedented. Three pretty table centres, a crochet chemise top, easy smocking lessons, a child's sock and vest, home-made serviette rings, embroidered initials, and dozens of other useful things are given.

1900. OCT.					NOVEMBER.					DECEMBER.					1901. JAN.					FEBRUARY.					MARCH.					APRIL.					MAY.				
S		7	14	21	28	S		4	11	18	25	S		2	9	16	23	30	S		6	13	20	27	S		3	10	17	24	31	S		7	14	21	28	S		5	12	19	26
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T	4	11	18	25		T	1	8	15	22	29	T		6	13	20	27		T	3	10	17	24	31	T		7	14	21	28		T	4	11	18	25		T	2	9	16	23	30
F	5	12	19	26		F	2	9	16	23	30	F		7	14	21	28		F	4	11	18	25		F	1	8	15	22		F	5	12	19	26		F	3	10	17	24	31
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HINTS TO SMALL INVESTORS.

Under this heading we reply to letters upon subjects connected with the investment of money. Careful consideration is given to every question submitted to us. Letters to be answered in the next possible issue must reach us not later than the first post on Tuesday morning, and be addressed to the Investment Editor, "Pearson's Weekly," Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

SEVERAL readers of this column have asked questions from time to time regarding Colonial Government stocks. That there are many excellent investments among these securities is well known, and we take the opportunity of mentioning a few. The list only includes those among the most remunerative. Newfoundland 4 per cent. stocks yield about 3½ per cent. at present prices. As much as 3½ per cent. can easily be obtained on most of the New South Wales Government stocks. Cape of Good Hope descriptions yield between 3½ and 3¾ per cent.; New Zealand, 3½ to 3¾ per cent.; whilst an equal remuneration can be obtained by investment in Queensland and Victorian Government stocks. These, of course, only appeal to the small investor, who has saved sufficiently to rest content with safety and moderate return on their money.

AMONG Drapery shares some attention is being directed, by those acquainted with the trade, to Crisp and Co. The troublous times through which that company passed will be remembered, but since then matters have considerably improved, and this excellent business has lately had the advantage of valuable additions to the management. On the basis of 10 per cent. dividend—the distribution for 1899—on the Ordinary shares, £13 6s. 9d. per cent., and the Preference, £7 6s. 9d. per cent. at current prices.

WHILST on the subject of Drapery companies it is well to again draw attention to the handsome yields on many of this class of shares. Of course, last year was favourable in many respects, but, even taking that fact into consideration, small investors will do well to study the subject, as these are businesses on which the average middle-class Englishman is well capable of using his own judgment. D. H. Evans Ordinary at present prices pay over 6½ per cent., and the Preference over 4 per cent. Foster Porter pay 5½ per cent., Jays Limited Ordinary pay 4 per cent. and the Preference over 4 per cent. Jones and Higgins Ordinary pay 4½ per cent., and the Debenture stock, a very sound investment, pays 4 per cent. J. R. Roberts Ordinary pay 7 per cent. and the Preference over 5 per cent.

SMALL investors are warned against many of the Iron and Colliery companies that are such a feature of current joint-stock enterprise. It must not be forgotten that both classes of business have profited considerably by high prices, and favourable figures shown in the prospectuses are little likely to be maintained in the near future. Whilst they can make a big show before the public, the proprietors think it well to seize their opportunity and sell their businesses at a high price.

SEVERAL correspondents have asked whether we accept fees for answers in this column. As during the past year at least two or three postal orders have been sent to the Investment Editor, he takes this opportunity of stating that there is absolutely no charge whatever for advice. The sending of postal orders only entails the trouble of returning the same.

So many have asked about the merits of the big brewing companies' stocks that there is some excuse for warning investors against the apparently obvious. In nearly every case these concerns are over-capitalised, and their borrowed capital is enormous. There are, of course, exceptions, but, speaking generally, we may safely say the brewery issues are best avoided by the small investor.

PERSONAL ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

J. J. C. (South Shields).—Apply to a patent agent.——J. W. R. (Greenwich).—We only answer financial questions.——G. E. E.—We think well of these shares.——"Pikelaw" (Hasingham).—Nos. 1, 2, 4 and 5 are good. We do not think much of the others.——"Increase."—The list is a good one.——E. C. N.—You will have to sell through a member of the Stock Exchange.——H. D. (Bradford).—We believe the company is doing well.——H. J. J. (Southampton).—We do not care for most of your list. R. White and Sons is the most likely.——"Small Investor."—We doubt if you will ever realise much on your shares.——J. E. G. (Carlisle).——It is a fairly respectable bank.——Z. Y. W.—Better hold your railway shares for the present.——E. E. H.—We do not care for the Association.——W. M.—We do not care for the societies.——"Perplexed."—The Scottish Union is a good office.——"Constant Reader" should hold British Oil and Cake Ordinary.——H. B. (Deptford).—We think well of the Russian Petroleum Ordinary.——"Investor" (Carlisle).—Most Insurance offices give about the same rate on annuities.——"Reader" (Yorktown).—We do not care for this society.——W. G.—This bank is merely a money-lenders' institution.——P. J. F. (Alexandria).—Buy Russian Petroleum.——M. B. (Great Yarmouth).—Better borrow from a friend or relative; have nothing to do with money lenders.——W. J. (Market Rasen).—The New Liverpool Palace of Varieties has been wound up; the liquidator's address is 2 and 3 West Street, Finsbury Circus, E.C.——L. H. (Bridgewater).—We do not care for these investments.——A. B. (Grangemouth).—We certainly warn you against such systems.——W. J. (Wolverhampton).—You may be able to get what you want by writing to Messrs. Effingham and Wilson, Royal Exchange, E.C.——W. Y. (Holytown).—We think well of Russian Petroleums, but not of the others you mention.——"Subscriber" (Strood).—We think well of both.——A. E. C. (Tottenham).—These shares are worth buying.——"Amy."—Not at present.——J. E. (Kentish Town).—They are not members of the Stock Exchange.——"Temperance."—A good office.——"Yorkshireman."—You can buy an annuity at any insurance office.——F. E. F.—Not now.——A. W. S.—Yes.

POSTAL RATES.

Name of Publication.	One Year s.	One Year d.	Half Year s.	Half Year d.	3 Months s.	3 Months d.
Pearson's Weekly	8	8	4	4	2	2
Home Notes	8	8	4	4	2	2
Short Stories	6	6	3	3	1	8
M.A.P.	6	6	3	3	1	8
Pearson's Magazine	9	0	4	6	2	3
Royal Magazine	6	6	3	3	1	8
Dressmaking at Home	2	6	—		—	
Home Cookery	1	6	—		—	

ALL POST FREE.

Opinion of a Well-known Nurse.

Has seen the practical results where patients have taken Scott's Emulsion.

NURSE HOUGHAM
(From a Photograph)

8, North Row Buildings, Park Lane, London, W.,
January 28th, 1900.

Dear Sirs,—I highly recommend Scott's Emulsion as being most beneficial for coughs, colds, and all affections of the chest and lungs. One small bottle cured an infant of a most shocking cough, which was very distressing to hear. She was only two months and a half old; since then she has taken a large bottle, which has quite cured her delicate chest. I cannot speak too highly of Scott's Emulsion, and feel it my duty to other infants, also to adults suffering in a similar manner, to testify to the beneficial qualities of your splendid preparation.

Yours truly,
(Signed) NURSE HOUGHAM.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is an ideal remedy for all such affections as are mentioned in the foregoing letter, because it is not only a specific affording immediate relief, but it also builds up the entire system, and thus makes the cure permanent. A remedy that merely treats the local symptoms leaves the system as unprotected as before, while Scott's Emulsion gives vitality and overcomes its weak tendencies.

No other form of cod-liver oil is like Scott's Emulsion. This preparation is the most palatable, and is prepared in such a manner that it does not in any way impair or tax digestion. It contains hypophosphites and glycerine, which add greatly to the value of the oil and is made from a formula not employed elsewhere.

Consequently, it is quite important that you insist upon having the genuine Scott's Emulsion, distinguished by our trade mark. This trade mark is known round the world, and stands for a remedy whose superlative merit has been proved beyond question.

TRADE MARK.

A sample of Scott's Emulsion will be sent to any address in Great Britain upon receipt of threepence to cover postage, and a mention of the name of this paper. Applications for samples should be sent to Scott & Bowne Limited, 95 Great Saffron Hill, London, E.C

Rowntree's ELECT Cocoa

The "half-a-teaspoonful" Cocoa.

Aromatic, fragrant, delicious, nourishing, and economical.

NEXT TIME—TRY ROWNTREE'S

Sulpholine Lotion.

For Clearing the Skin from Spots, Blemishes, Redness, Roughness, giving a Beautiful Complexion and pleasing appearance.

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AGENTS WANTED

For the Sale of First-class Fountain Pens. Special Terms to Reliable Agents.—THE STAR Stationery Co. Ltd., 24 Cursitor St., Chancery Lane, London, E.C.

Sample box free.

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Helps the cook. It is a highly concentrated stock, manufactured in South America where meat costs only a fraction of what it costs in England. A ¼lb. jar contains the essence of something like 10lb. of Butcher's meat. It makes meat go farther. It makes soups taste richer. Lemco is

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The Daily Express

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DEVONSHIRE FERNS.

For Table decoration, window boxes, greenhouses, rockeries: 20 healthy roots, four species named, all hardy. Sent direct from the hedges, 1/6 free.

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Morchard Bishop, Devon.

BICYCLE £4 18 8

We are the world's greatest and cheapest cycle suppliers. We sell at £4 18s. 8d. up, for money down, or 1 shilling a week in regular payments. Two years' warranty, 1001 models. Machines of unsurpassed excellence. Thousands of satisfied riders. Send stamp for catalogue.

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PHOTOGRAPHY.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

HAND CAMERAS. — The "SWALLOW," carrying 12 Plates, 4¼ by 3¼, 21/-.
The "SUPERIOR SWALLOW," with Iris Diaphragms and Pneumatic Release, carrying 12 Plates, 4¼ by 3¼, 35/-.
The "BEST SWALLOW," with R.R. Lens and Focussing Arrangement, carrying 12 Plates, 4¼ by 3¼, 80/-.

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NO MONEY REQUIRED.

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We give you your choice of either of these handsome presents for selling NINE articles of Jewellery at 1/6 each (Regular Price 2/6).

We do not want your money.

Just send us a stamped addressed envelope and say that you will either sell the jewellery or return it to us if you fail to sell it. On receiving your letter we will at once post you the jewellery.

When sold send us the 13/6 you have received for same and we will at once send you ABSOLUTELY FREE our £3 10s. Real Silver Watch with Chain, or the Gold Ring, whichever you desire.

A WRITTEN GUARANTEE for TEN years sent with each watch. You can sell our Jewellery in a few minutes at 1/6 each article. We have thousands of testimonials as to the quality and value both of our Jewellery and Presents. *Send no money. Write to-day.*

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OVER SEVENTY YEARS' ESTABLISHED REPUTATION.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST INFANTS' FOOD.

NEAVE'S FOOD

"ADMIRABLY ADAPTED TO THE WANTS OF INFANTS."
Sir Chas. A. Cameron, C.B., M.D.

For INFANTS, CHILDREN, INVALIDS, and the AGED.

24 Clearland Gardens, Hyde Park, London,
October 11th, 1899.

To J. R. Neave & Co.
Sirs,—I enclose a photo of my little boy aged seven months, who has been reared entirely on 'Neave's Food,' and is as fine and healthy a child as could possibly be, never having known an hour's illness.
I am constantly being asked by people—my Doctor included—what I feed him on, and I have the greatest pleasure in strongly recommending 'Neave's Food.' You can make what use of this letter you like.
Yours faithfully (Signed) MAUD E. ROSSITER.

GOLD MEDAL AWARDED, WOMAN'S EXHIBITION, LONDON, 1900.
USED IN THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL NURSERY.
A Most Nutritious Food for Nursing Mothers.

QUESTIONERS QUICKLY QUIETED.

A penknife will be awarded to each person whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

Since the first announcement, the applications for Christmas cards have been so numerous, that the whole of the edition printed was immediately snapped up. The majority of those who received the cards were so delighted, that they sent in further applications for more. But these second applications we were unable to meet without depriving some thousands of first applicants of their cards. The expense of producing these cards is very great, and, naturally, a limited number only were printed, but so greatly have they been appreciated, that we have decided to print another huge quantity. These will be sent to readers at the rate of 4d. for six copies, or 7d. for twelve—a nominal price that is considerably below the cost to us.

Figure 0 is in an office which has got upset over the pronunciation of the word "detail," is it "*dee*-tail" or "de-*tail*," and will I kindly settle it?——Certainly. There are two details, a verb and a noun. The verb should be pronounced with equal emphasis on both syllables. For instance, "Certain troops were detailed to guard the rear." The noun may be, and is pronounced both ways, but by its derivation from old French and Spanish, it would appear that its earlier pronunciation was de-*tail*. Figure 0 writes his letter on a typewriter, and says that's because he hasn't won a pencil-case. That's rather thin, but *P.W.* is generous. At the same time, in any future correspondence, I hope he'll go on with the typewriter.

With reference to the wedding of the Rose and the Tree, H.V. sends me another interesting coincidence of names brought thus into conjunction. Some time ago in a church at Barnstaple the Rev. John Gates married Mr. John Post to Miss Sophia Rails, so here we have post, rails, gates and barn staples.

Mios sends me an interesting little paragraph on the subject of golden weddings. It appears that a few days ago a Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Stockdale, of Wisbech, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding, and this was the fifth time that such a celebration had occurred in their own family, and among those who have done so are Mr. Stockdale's own father and mother. And yet people write books about "How to be Happy Though Married." Here, in one family, we have an aggregate of two centuries and a half of it and it certainly appears to agree with them.

The prize of one guinea, offered for the best four-line verse, the last two words of which were to be "Twenty Teazer," has been awarded to Mr. William Henry Watson, 56 Stevens Crescent, Totterdown, Bristol, whose attempt was as follows:

When England needed volunteers,
Up sprang the C.I.V.'s, sir;
Britannia now no nation fears,
Should even twenty tease 'er.

Alpha has my due sympathy, but I cannot agree with him. He says he has four members of his family almost constantly under the doctor, and he thinks—no doubt, feelingly—that medical men should render their accounts in detail, and not simply "professional attendance and medicine so much." His doctor is a most estimable man and well up to his work, and "much as he would like to question his accounts, he doesn't like to do so."——Why should he? He doesn't trust the health and the lives of his family in the hands of a man who would swindle him out of a few shillings. The medical profession is, perhaps, the most honourable of all secular callings, and it is a point of honour among doctors not to overcharge. Again, it is very easy to find out what any doctor charges per visit, just as it is to find out the fee of a specialist. At any rate, I think the medical practice is very much more satisfactory than the legal one, for the doctor doesn't charge for making out and sending in his bill as the lawyer does. Yet there is no reason why it should not be as correct in one case as in the other.

Hirsute seeks advice under the following painful circumstances. His whiskers and beard grow at what he calls an alarming rate, but he would give all in exchange for a moustache, which obstinately declines to make its appearance. Can I suggest a reason and a remedy?——The reason is plain. You can't grow crops without sowing seeds, and that upper lip is probably devoid of hair-roots. Remedy, I fear, there is none, unless he went to one of the male beauty doctors, who are now getting so fashionable, and had a couple of strips of whisker transplanted. Nowadays, when it is possible to get your nose made any shape you like, have ugly ears transformed into the shell-like variety of the emotional novelist, and the receding chin into a bulldog jaw, this ought to be possible, if painful. Personally, I don't see anything the matter with a clean shave.

Without wishing to inflict my opinion upon readers, I should like to take this opportunity of once again telling them that the new serial story which starts in the Christmas Double Number will be quite a revelation. It will be a revelation in this way—that it will prove that romance exists even in so prosaic and businesslike a place as the working centre of the North. The characters in this novel are characters whom you may meet any day of the week in any of the towns and villages of Great Britain. There is nothing marvellous about any one of them. They are not monstrosities, nor are they prodigies of valour or of anything else. Mr. Tracy, who is the author of the "Final War," abandons war altogether in this story, and has shown that his pen is as facile in describing the everyday life of those who live in our midst as he is in vividly picturing the horrors of a big battle.

J. F. wants to know why in the article, "Lords Who Are Not Lords," no mention was made of Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener.——Simply because they are lords; that is to say, they are peers of the Realm, and possess the right to sit and vote in the House of Lords. My correspondent must see that it would surely be a very poor compliment for Her Majesty to reward her conquerors by conferring a mere courtesy title upon them.

No, J. B., it is quite correct that Mr. W. S. Penley was born in the present century. *P.W.* never said that this was the first year of the twentieth century. When you have digested the contents of your Christmas Pearson's Magazine, you will see it clearly proved not only when, but where the twentieth century will begin.

G. J. is also out of it, and once more if you see it in *P.W.* it is so. Twenty pounds multiplied by twenty pounds equals nothing. It no more makes four hundred pounds (by the way he says it would make forty pounds) than a church multiplied by a chapel would make a cathedral. Even a Board School boy could tell you that concrete quantities can be added together but cannot be multiplied into each other. His definition of multiplication is quite wrong. To multiply a given number by another, say ten by ten, is a shorter way of adding ten to itself ten times.

The following letter from A. S. P. is a gratifying one: "I read with interest 'The Fine Art of Diving' in your July Magazine, and showed it to a few of my friends. We practised a few of them, and have become fairly good divers now. I was anxious to try the double dive, but could not get a partner for some time. At length I persuaded one to try it, and we found it so easy, and yet it always astonishes the onlookers, who congratulate us on our dangerous flight as they consider it."——All of which proves that articles of this sort in the Magazine are useful as well as interesting.

F. R., late of Pretoria, sends me an interesting commentary on a recent article, "When the Under Man Gets on Top." Before the war he had a good business, which, like many others, was ruined. When he got to Capetown in very reduced circumstances, he met quite by chance one of his former workmen, who had been lucky enough to get a berth as foreman in some large works. He was offered, and at once accepted, a job under him, and now they are working together until prosperity returns to the Transvaal, when it is not impossible that they will go back as partners. F. R. is evidently an ardent Pearsonian, and, according to him, *P.W.* is the most popular home paper in South Africa, which, of course, shows that the future of South Africa is all right.

V. S. F.—Thanks for your postal order. We will spend it as you wish, but sorry we cannot start another collecting fund at present.

W. I. W. sends me a cutting from a North Devon paper which contains the extraordinary statement that the mayor of a certain town attended a function attired in his robes of office and chair of state. It's a pity that people who write items like this should always stop short when they've roused the interest of their readers. Of course everyone who reads that paragraph would want to know how the chair was worn, and what kind of a state garment a chair is anyhow. But perhaps the reporter only got his English a little mixed, as did a person who inserted an advertisement "Lost on Friday night a new silk umbrella by a gentleman with a silver knob," or this one, "To be sold—a black ebony piano by a young lady with carved legs."

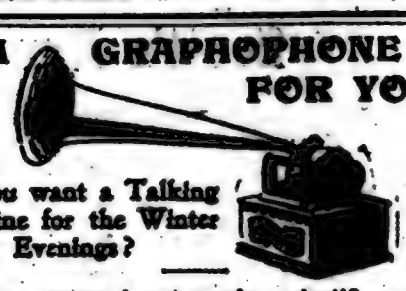
N. M. L. asks: "To whom does buried money or treasure belong?"——Neither to the finder nor to the owner of the land on which it is discovered. The theory of the law is that all articles of gold and silver hidden in the earth belong to the Crown, and the authorities must be informed of treasure-trove. Morally, however, the right of the individual who unearths it would seem to be the greatest.

V. E. R. asks: "What is the origin of the saying that there is a skeleton in every man's cupboard?"——I do not suppose that this proverb has any special reference. I find, however, that one authority traces it to the "fact" that in days gone by it was the custom to "build in" a living person in every new building of importance. Slaves, it is said, were generally selected for the purpose.

C. W. G. has forwarded for my inspection a curiosity of the Post Office. It is an ordinary stamped envelope, or, to speak more correctly, it would be an ordinary stamped envelope if there were not two other impressions on the reverse side. As this was sold for a penny he considers it would be cheap if all three stamps will be recognised by the authorities. I do not see how they can refuse to do so. If the stamping machine discards all sense of its own responsibility in this manner the Government must be the loser.

Amayingu asks, "Which country in all the world is best supplied with the means of inland navigation?"——Finland. The interior of this country is honeycombed with lakes of every size and every shape, and nearly all connected with each other by means of rivers or canals. Twelve per cent. of the total area is occupied with water. Fish, it is hardly necessary to add, forms an important element in the food of all classes.

A GRAPHOPHONE FOR YOU.



Do you want a Talking Machine for the Winter Evenings?

A Graphophone is not merely a scientific marvel, it is really the most wonderful entertainer of the age. Music of all kinds is reproduced with a perfection of tone that is really marvellous, in addition to which you may hear recitations, stories, or imitations of clever comedians while you sit in your drawing-room.

HOW YOU MAY GET A GRAPHOPHONE.

We offer one graphophone every week until further notice, and we are devising a different competition for each machine offered.

COMPETITION No. 1.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITH £1,000?

Supposing—only supposing, of course—that you came into possession of £1,000 sterling, what would you do with it? How would you begin?

Probably, if you have a banking account, you would first of all put the £1,000 into it, and then take a deep breath and look around you to see how you could best utilise it.

If you haven't got a banking account, you very soon *would* have one. Then, what would you do? Would you go into a bigger house, spend all the money, and live in luxury for a year?

Or would you live just as you are and invest the money and spend the interest, leaving the capital untouched?

Or would you go for a long holiday on the Continent? Or, if you propose to double the £1,000, how would you go to work?

Write your views on this point, and send them to the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., in an envelope marked "Thousand," to arrive not later than Tuesday next.

A Columbia Graphophone will be sent to the person from whom we receive what we consider to be the best and most sensible answer.

COMPETITION No. 2.

Make an anagram of the words "Have You Got That Ten Pound Note?" and send your attempt in an envelope marked "Graphophone" (to arrive not later than Tuesday, December 18th), to the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly*. A Columbia graphophone will be sent to the person from whom we receive what we consider to be the best attempt.

ADVERTISEMENT SCALE.

	£	s.	d.
Single column, per inch, per insertion	2	0	0
Full page inside, facing page of matter, either white paper or 2nd or 3rd page of cover, or back page, per insertion	100	0	0
Half page " "	50	0	0
Quarter page " "	25	0	0
Eighth page " "	12	10	0
Tenth page " "	10	0	0
Front page " "	120	0	0

All spaces above one-tenth of a page are charged at per page rate. Series discount: 5 per cent. for 13, 10 for 26, 15 for 52 insertions. All advertisements are subject to approval. The proprietors reserve the right to hold over or suspend the insertion of any advertisement without prejudice to other insertions on order. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly" Offices, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Offices: Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Registered Telegraphic Address:—"Humoursome, London."

Messrs. R. A. THOMPSON & Co. are our Sole Agents in Sydney (239 Pitt Street), Melbourne (263 Little Collins Street), Brisbane (Edward Street), Adelaide (7 King William Street), and Cape Town (52 Loop Street).

P.W. can also be obtained in Paris at Neal's Library, 248 Rue Rivoli and at the principal Kiosks.

Printed by Horace Cox, Bream's Buildings, E.C., and Published by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., at Pearson's Weekly Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

"THAT'S FROM *P.W.!*"

Dec. 15 the limit

Order at once

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA "The Times" Reprint.

A ROYAL CHRISTMAS GIFT

Orders must be booked by December 15th at the latest, and at the present rate, all the sets will be gone some days sooner.

Offered by The "Daily Mail"

FOR 5/- PAID DOWN

You can make a Present of these 25 splendid VOLUMES

5/- First Payment

And 12/- Monthly Instalments

The Burden of Christmas

If you are frank with yourself, you have said as often as Christmas has come round that it is a burden. "Christmas comes but once a year—thank goodness!" That is what you have said to yourself, and perhaps you have felt sadder at your seeming cynicism. We say *seeming* cynicism, because in nine cases out of ten you are not unhappy because you grudge your friends and your family their yule-tide gifts. You are unhappy because you have not the means to give all of them proper tokens of your regard for them. Even the most necessary gifts are a great deal to come out of the income of a single month. This is not an inspiriting reflection; and we would not present it to you if there were not some way out of it.

LIFTED BY FIVE SHILLINGS.

It is a bad quandary, but where there's a will there's a way out of it. The present way out of it is to make your gift of chief importance the Encyclopædia Britannica. Instead of costing you the better part of what you can afford for all your Christmas gifts—or perhaps the better part of more than you can afford—it will cost you now just five shillings. On the receipt of five shillings the entire 25 volumes of *The Times* Reprint in handsome and durable bindings and in a handsome and most convenient revolving bookcase—an ornament to any room—will be sent at once to any address you may name. When Christmas is past, and you are again approaching solvency, you will have to pay 12s. more a month, at the rate of less than 6d. a day, and when you have paid all, you will have paid less than half the regular price which the publishers, Messrs. A. & C. Black, charged in a lump sum. Be wise in time, and your thoughts of Christmas will become as merry as the day deserves.

BEST TO ENQUIRE TO-DAY.

Readers who have seen the Encyclopædia advertised day after day may think that the offer stands good for a long time to come. This is not the case. The best possible Christmas present may be secured now for a first payment of five shillings, to be followed by monthly payments of twelve shillings each; but if orders continue to be as numerous as they have been lately the number of copies available will very shortly be exhausted. In any event, December 15th is a final limit. After that day you will never again be able to secure this admirable Christmas present upon the extraordinarily advantageous terms now in force.

TO LEARN MORE

Call at once at one of the following offices, which we have opened for this special purpose, where we will gladly give the fullest information on all points:

LONDON.

NEAR BOW-STREET, FLEET STREET.
"Daily Mail" Office (Encyclopædia Department), 4, Harmsworth Buildings, Tallis Street, E.C.

NEAR THE BANK.
Messrs. Cramer and Co. Ltd., Pianoforte Dealers, 46 Moorgate Street, E.C.

NEAR MARK LANE.
Messrs. Ryre and Spottiswoode, 101 Leadenhall Street.

NEAR CANNON STREET STATION.
Messrs. Wm. Dawson & Sons Ltd., 121 Cannon Street, E.C.

WEST END.
Messrs. Cramer and Co. Ltd., Pianoforte Dealers, 207 and 209 Regent Street, W.

NEAR CHARING CROSS.
Messrs. Wm. Dawson and Sons Ltd., 23 Northumberland Avenue.

PROVINCES.

MANCHESTER.
Messrs. Forsyth Bros., 126 and 128 Deansgate.

CARDIFF.
Messrs. Wm. Dawson and Sons Ltd., Hayes Buildings, Working Street.

GLASGOW.
"The Glasgow Herald" Office, Buchanan Street. Open every day till eight o'clock.

BIRMINGHAM.
"The Glasgow Herald" Branch Office, St. Giles Street; also at Messrs. Methven, Simpson and Co., 93 Princes Street.

GREENOCK.
"The Glasgow Herald" Branch Office, Cathcart Street.

DUNDEE.
Messrs. Methven, Simpson, and Co., 122 Nethergate. Specimen volumes may also be seen at the

PAISLEY.
Office of "The Glasgow Herald," 3 County Place.

EXETER.
Messrs. Wm. Dawson & Sons Ltd., 13 Gandy Street.

LEICESTER.
Messrs. Wm. Dawson & Sons Ltd., 7a Halford Street.

IF YOU CANNOT CALL send in the Enquiry Form or a post-card asking for prospectus and details of the offer. In this prospectus the "Encyclopædia Britannica" is faithfully described. We do not use any extravagant praise; you will find the books more than we describe—more than you expect.

ENQUIRY FORM.

Please address to the "ENCYCLOPÆDIA DEPARTMENT," The *DAILY MAIL*, 4 Harmsworth Buildings, Tallis Street, London, E.C.

Please send me the Illustrated Prospectus of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," Order Form, and full details of the "Daily Mail" offer, and provisionally reserve me a set of the Volumes.

This Enquiry Form can be sent in an open Envelope with only a Halfpenny stamp.

[*Name*].....

[*Address*].....

P. W. 3 .....

A GRIMSBY MAN CAPTURES THE £10 NOTE.

Report of Ten-Pound Man No. 67.

I REACHED the City Ground, where the great match between Notts Forest and Notts County took place on Saturday last, at ten minutes past two.

I finally took up a position in the sixpenny part, standing right at the back of the crushing mass of spectators.

Two smartly-dressed young fellows, each wearing a long, light waterproof overcoat, stood on my left, and were discussing the Scheme. They didn't think it was genuine—at least, so said one of them; when the other said:

"Well, I thought it was all bunkum until that Liverpool man got it, and I know somebody who knows him."

A gentleman dressed in tourist costume was on my right. He was a queer customer this. He sat on the ground until he could sit no longer, owing to the collecting crowds. A youth—this was before the kick-off—politely asked him the time-honoured question, and flourished the paper before him.

"No, I haven't got it, and I don't suppose anybody else has either!"

"Oh, don't get angry," said I, laughing.

"I have been asked twenty times to-day about that blessed note," he growled.

A couple of minutes before half-time I forsook my position and elbowed my way to the gangway at the bottom of the slope where I had been standing.

The whistle blew, and the real fight of the day began—the battle of the £10 note; but it didn't last long.

"Have you got that Ten-Pound Note, sir?" asked a man in light brown, and with a very pleasant expression on his face. He had fulfilled the conditions.

"You are the luckiest man in all Nottingham, and the conquering team isn't in it with you. I am the Pearson Ten-Pound Man, and here is the Sealed Envelope!" I said, at the same time handing him the Envelope.

The winner was unceremoniously lifted up by a dozen brawny arms and chaired, to deafening cheers.

Name and address of the winner: JAMES JOHNSON, 5 Peaks Field Avenue, Great Grimsby (staying with his brother-in-law, George Chessman, 179 Sherwood Street, Nottingham).

Mr. James Johnson, who captured No. 67, writes:

I have the great pleasure to inclose sealed envelope No. 67, that I captured from your Special Representative on the Nottingham Forest Football Ground, having been a reader of your valuable paper for a long time. I took an excursion to Nottingham to see my brother-in-law. I left Grimsby at 11.40 on Saturday. I did not know at the time that your special man would be there; I got a *P.W.* and EXPRESS at the Grimsby bookstall before getting into the train.

My brother met me on my arrival at Nottingham and asked me if I was going to the match, as he knew I attended matches at home. I said I would be glad to go if he was going. He said "Shall we go on the stands." I said: "No, let us stand here."

After the half-time whistle blew I asked a gentleman if he had got that Ten Pound Note, and he said no, but wished he had, and moved on. So I waited for a few moments. Then, as another gentleman was passing me—I was still holding my *P.W.* in my hand—I said:

"Excuse me. Have you got that Ten-Pound Note?" and he exclaimed:

"You are more fortunate than the conquering team on this ground, to-day." He said: "I am the special man from *Pearson's*," and gave me the envelope.

Amidst the loud cheers he took my name and address. Then they mounted me on their shoulders on to the ground past the Grand Stands, as they wanted to see the envelope.

Then my friends went to drink my health, I none the worse for my adventure. JAMES JOHNSON.

HOW BLACKBURN CAPTURED THE £10 NOTE.

Report of Pearson's Special £10 Man No. 79.

They had just kicked off when I arrived on the ground. I entered by the sixpenny gate, and by slow and easy stages I walked along the embankment, now down the field of play, now and again at the back on the fringe of the crowd.

No one approached me, and none seemed interested in my movements.

When the whistle sounded half-time I was as near as I can say just about the middle of the crowd on the embankment immediately behind the town goal. The interval was about five minutes old when two gentlemen approached me, the taller of the two with the fatal question, "Have you got that Ten-Pound Note?"

He did not produce a paper, nor was one visible, although I took a good look at all his pockets.

I consequently only smiled. He then explained the scheme to me, and asked me if I hadn't seen it advertised, apparently wondering at my crass ignorance. Quite three minutes elapsed, and I was just about to leave my friendly questioner when he pulled out his *Pearson's Weekly*, and showed it to me with a smile.

I then at once informed him that he was the winner. We were immediately the centre of an inquiring and, perhaps, somewhat envious crowd. The best of good humour prevailed, and kind wishes were expressed. No one was dissatisfied with the result, and the men who were standing round at the time, and who had only just missed being the winners themselves, were the first to shake hands with and congratulate the winner. The crowd was so closely packed that, after taking the winner's name—MR. WILLIAM KNOWLES, 20 Bell Street, Blackburn—I was glad to escape.

Mr. William Knowles, who captured No. 79, writes:

I have great pleasure in sending you the inclosed envelope received from your representative this afternoon at the football match (Saturday, November 24th). The circumstances under which I obtained it are rather peculiar.

I was talking to your representative on the game, and at half-time he moved away. Then I saw him again a minute or two after, and I asked him if he had got the Ten-Pound Note. He said: "What Ten-Pound Note?" and I said: "From *Pearson's Weekly*." He professed ignorance of the scheme, and I then pulled my *Pearson's Weekly* out, and was showing him the advertisement when he congratulated me on being the lucky man.

WILLIAM KNOWLES.

Are You Going to a Football Match this Afternoon?

If so, don't omit to look out for the individual who will be ready and willing to hand you over a £10 note for the asking.

The £10 men who are at present wandering all over the Kingdom will this afternoon visit football matches, and will give those present an opportunity of asking for the £10 notes they have with them.

NOW, WHY SHOULDN'T YOU GO HOME TO TEA £10 RICHER?

Simply take your copy of PEARSON'S WEEKLY to the Match, and incidentally ask those men you think are likely to be Ten-Pounders the one question "Have You PEARSON'S £10 Note?"

If the man you ask is not a Ten-Pounder, then no harm is done. If he is, then you get £10.

The man who stands behind you, or alongside you, or in front of you during the Match, and who converses with you on different subjects, may be the very man you are looking for.

BUT HE WON'T TELL YOU HE IS

unless you ask him. Therefore be wise and do not go to the Match without your copy of P.W.

NOTE.—The Ten-Pound Man will not be on duty until the half-time whistle sounds. It will be useless asking him before then; he will not give up the Sealed Envelope. But directly the half-time whistle goes, then start right in and ask every likely man you can find.

2 MORE £10 MEN CAPTURED!

42 Men Caught! £420 Now Paid!

TO AMATEUR DRAMATIC SOCIETIES

AND THOSE WHO ARE INTERESTED IN PRIVATE AND AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

The Sketch, "HAVE YOU GOT THAT TEN-POUND NOTE?" suitable for two gentlemen and one lady, has now been put into type, and is to be obtained in book form at 1xpence per copy, from Messrs. Samuel French Limited, Theatrical Publishers, 89 Strand, London, W.C.

The Sketch is quite a bright one, and lasts from fifteen to twenty minutes.

There is a tremendous amount of fun in it. It will keep an audience in roars of laughter all the time.

NO FEE WILL BE CHARGED AMATEURS FOR PLAYING IT.

The scene is one that can be easily arranged, and the costumes are quite ordinary ones.

Does Anyone Want a Christmas Card?

Applications for the Christmas Cards are pouring in by thousands every post, and some little delay will necessarily result in filling the most recent orders. However, copies of the Cards may be obtained at the rate of six for fourpence, or twelve for sevenpence, post free.

The picture is a reproduction of a photograph, and contains a seasonable and suitable inscription. All those applications which have been received up to and including Friday, December 7th, will be attended to without any charge, but having dispatched the whole of the original number printed, we are urged by those who have received the Cards and want more, to reprint. This we are doing, and propose to make the nominal charge mentioned above, to which we are sure readers will not take exception.

Application should be made to the CHRISTMAS CARD ROOM, Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

SURELY *YOU* HAVE A COPY OF THE SONG?

The Song "Have You Got That Ten-Pound Note?" by Herbert Darnley, may be obtained from all newsagents for 1s. 4d., or direct from the Ten-Pound Song Department, *Pearson's Weekly* Buildings, Henrietta Street, for 1s. 6d. If you are singing the Song in your house to the accompaniment of any musical instrument, and a Ten-Pound Man should hear you while he is passing the house, he will knock at your front door, and will give you an opportunity of asking the question: "Have you got that £10 Note?"

HOW A NEWCASTLE MAN MISSED THE £10 NOTE.

The following extract from the report of Special Man No. 66, who was at Newcastle last Saturday, is published to show how absolutely necessary it is for those who wish to capture Ten-Pound Men to produce a copy of *Pearson's Weekly* when asking.

The half-time whistle had been blown six or seven minutes, and the teams were again entering the field, when a little group among a massed crowd at my back began to discuss the scheme.

A hearty voice behind me announced, "I'm looking out for that £10 Man." Somebody answered, "Well, why don't you start?" "All right, here goes. Who shall I ask first, I wonder?" . . . Then came a gap of perhaps half-a-minute where I could only catch laughter and confused voices. Then somebody said, "Try that man." In a few seconds I felt a tap on my back. I did not turn. Then came a firmer tap, and the hearty voice queried unmistakably, "I say, sir, have you got that £10 Note?"

I was about to turn in response to the tap, but, aware of the possibility of no paper being presented, I was prepared with the words, "What Ten-Pound Note?" and an accompanying look of surprise. Obviously the young man with the hearty voice felt a bit awkward after getting me to face round, and the delighted chuckles of his friends at his discomfiture seemed to unnerve him still more, although he managed to say, "The *Pearson's Weekly* Note," in a tone of implied apology for troubling me.

It was as well that the game was not given away by my falling into the possible jocular trap, for the fact was apparent that no *Pearson's Weekly* was produced. His hands, indeed, were actually behind his back, and the press was so thick that I could not get a glimpse of what, if anything, they contained.

I looked him up and down, thinking I might possibly see a *Pearson's Weekly* in his pocket, or the like; but failing, after a good try, to get any trace of the documentary evidence, I was bound to carry out my negative character and reply, "I wish I had a few of them." I turned my attention to the game, which was then starting, and a minute later to a fight between two men under our very eyes, about football.

WHAT THE SUNDERLAND AND SHEFFIELD CAPTORS ARE DOING WITH THEIR £10 NOTES.

Mr. W. Kirk, who Captured No. 54 in Sheffield, writes:

I am very glad to tell you how I spent the £10 Note. I work on the Empire stage, Sheffield, and I, with two friends of mine, made up our minds to try and find your man, and if any of us found him, to give the others £1 each. I, being the lucky man, had to pay the other two. I also promised another friend on the ground 10s. if I got the £10 Note.

I have paid the £3 out, I got measured for a suit of clothes (£3), and gave my wife the remainder.

Being so well known, I could have spent it all in drinks if I had so willed. As I go about, first one and then another will keep shouting out, "Have you got that Ten-Pound Note?" Others say it is not a square thing, that I was a picked man for the job from the Empire. All I can say is, I never saw the Ten-Pound Man in my life before, and had no idea I was going to get the £10 until I asked.

Mr. G. Wardle, who captured No. 78 at Sunderland, writes:

Half the £10 will be put away for a rainy day; £1 I spent with those who saw me receive the sealed envelope. Wardles are all old standards in Sunderland, so that everyone knows where the £10 will get to.

With the other half I have made up my mind to get some useful articles for this winter weather. As working folks, it will be a great help to us.

Results of the £10 STORY and £10 POSTER COMPETITIONS will appear next week.

This is What a Comedian Says About the Song.

DEAR SIR,—Just a line to let you know how your song, "HAVE YOU GOT THAT TEN-POUND NOTE?" is going in the Provinces.

The first town in which I sang it was Cambridge, at the Circus of Varieties. After I had finished the first chorus the entire audience had it as pat as they would have had "Rule Britannia," and sang it with me after every verse. Not satisfied with this, they needs must sing it at every interval throughout the programme. I never had a song which went so well in my life. I thought it would go well when I first heard it played over, but never dreamt of it being such a success as that.

This is not idle brag. Any of the artistes who were with me at Cambridge will vouch for the truth of this.

But not only at Cambridge did it make this success, but it was the same at the Bijou Theatre, Teddington, the same at the Royal Aquarium, London, and now the same at the Corn Exchange, Hertford, where I am appearing for two nights.

Trusting you will have the success that you so richly deserve,

I remain, dear sir,
Yours faithfully,
(Signed) MARK TYME.

This copy is available for the £10 Scheme from 5 p.m. Friday, December 7th, 1900, until midnight Saturday, December 15th.

FREE SAMPLES TO ALL.

25,000 Packages to be Given to All Who Apply.—John A. Smith and His Remarkable Rheumatism Cure.

The First Test and What it Led To—Cured Himself First, Then His Friends and Neighbours, and Now Proposes to Cure the World.

JOHN A. SMITH, MILWAUKEE, WIS., U.S.A.

On the theory "that seeing is believing," John A. Smith, of Milwaukee, Wis., U.S.A., wants everyone to try his remedy for the cure of rheumatism at his expense. For that reason he proposes to distribute 25,000 free sample packages among all persons sending him their address. Mr. Smith had suffered all the agony and torture from rheumatism, tried all the remedies known, and yet utterly failed to find relief.

At times he was so helpless that he had to take to morphine, and after considerable doctoring he gave up in despair. He began studying into the causes of rheumatism and, after much experimenting, he finally hit upon a combination of drugs which completely cured him. The result was so beneficial to his entire system that he called his new-found remedy "Gloria Tonic." Those of his friends and relatives and neighbours suffering from rheumatism were next cured, and Mr. Smith concluded to offer his remedy to the world. But he found the task a difficult one, as nearly everybody had tried a hundred or more remedies, and they couldn't be made to believe that there was such a thing as a cure for rheumatism. But an old gentleman from Seguin, Tex., U.S.A., wrote him saying if Mr. Smith would send him a sample he would try it, but as he had suffered forty-one years and wasted a fortune with doctors and advertised remedies, he wouldn't buy anything more until he knew it was worth something. The sample was sent, he purchased more, and the result was astonishing. He was completely cured. This gave Mr. Smith a new idea, and ever since that time he has been sending out free sample packages to all who apply. It cured Miss Emma Callender, at No. 130 Oak Street, Vincennes, Ind., U.S.A., who, after spending over 500 dols. with doctors, had been given up to die. In Prosser, Nebr., U.S.A., it cured Mrs. Carl Moritz, a lady of 67, who had suffered 52 years. In Fountain City, Wis., U.S.A., it cured Hon. Jacob Sexauer, a gentleman of 70, who suffered for 33 years. In Perrysburg, Ohio, U.S.A., it cured Mr. Mich. Muth, a gentlemen of 70. In Heron Lake, Minn., U.S.A., it cured Mrs. John Geehr, who has suffered for 30 years. Rev. C. Sund, of Harrisville, Wis., U.S.A., tested this remarkable cure on two members of his congregation, one who had suffered 15 years and the other 25 years; both were completely cured. Even prominent physicians had to admit that "Gloria Tonic" is a positive success, among them Dr. Quintero, of the University of Venezuela, to whom it was recommended by the United States Consul. In thousands of other instances the result has been the same. It cured many cases which defied hospitals, Drugs, Electricity, and Medical Skill, among them persons over 75 years old.

Mr. Smith will send a trial package absolutely, free of charge to any reader of *Pearson's Weekly*, for he is anxious that everybody should profit by his good fortune. It is a remarkable remedy, and there is no doubt but that it will cure any case of rheumatism, no matter how severe it may be.

Be sure and write your name plainly, and give your full address, to avoid any mistakes in delivery. Mr. Smith's principal offices are in Germania Buildings, Milwaukee, Wis., U.S.A., but for the convenience of the British public he has also opened London offices. Address all letters to John A. Smith (Dept. 1005), 6 and 7 Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.

Thinking about Christmas!!

Why not a . . . .

Gramophone

This style . . . .

Price complete,

£5 10 0 Nett Cash.

RECORDS, extra, 2s. 6d. each, nett cash.

Other Styles, £2 2s., £3 3s., £4 4s., £5 10s., £6 10s., £7 10s., £10.

A GRAMOPHONE makes a capital present. Welcome everywhere and by everybody. Endless amusement for the festive season. Pleases your family and friends. It more than takes the place of a piano, banjo, mandolin, or cornet, for you hear not only one, but all these instruments, and many more, as they are played, not by amateurs, but by the most celebrated artists. No matter how remote your habitation, it brings within the family circle the actual voices of orators, singers, comedians, and story-tellers, who perhaps at that very moment are delighting Metropolitan audiences with the same eloquence, melody, humour, and dialect that is coming from the Gramophone in the quiet of a country home hundreds of miles away.

NO LIMIT TO SELECTIONS.

There is practically no limit, either in number, quality, variety, or freshness. For instance, no sooner does an artist become a popular favourite than he or she is invited to sing or play for us, into a Gramophone. As many reproductions are possible from one such performance, we can secure the very highest talent, and what cost us originally £20 to £100 can be sold for 2s. 6d.

GRAMOPHONES can be seen, heard, and purchased at all music shops, fancy dealers, stores, &c., all over the country.

Manufactured and Guaranteed by the . .

GRAMOPHONE Co. Ltd., Maiden Lane, Strand, London, W.C.

CATALOGUES FREE, WITH NAME OF OUR NEAREST AGENT.

Do not forget it amongst your Xmas Gifts.

5,000 SOLID SILVER WATCHES (WITH CHAINS) GIVEN AWAY

READ. READ. READ.

To introduce our Marata Gold and Diamond Jewellery we make the following unparalleled and startling offer. To every reader of this Paper who carries out the slight advertising conditions which we impose (WHICH NEED NOT INVOLVE YOU IN ONE PENNY EXPENSE), we undertake to present one of our (list price 50/-) Solid Silver Watches (lady's or gent's) with Chain.

CONDITIONS.

1. Send a postal order for 1/6 and stamped addressed envelope for a specimen of the magnificent Marata Gold Jewellery (ring, pin, curb bracelet, links, or brooch), 18-CARAT GOLD PATTERN, all listed by us at 5/- each article, and equal in appearance to jewellery costing three times the price.

2. STATE HOW MANY FRIENDS YOU THINK YOU CAN SHOW THE WATCH AND CHAIN TO.

3. Carry out the slight conditions we send you (which as before stated need not involve you in any cost, as even if you are not desirous of keeping the article of jewellery we send you, you should have no difficulty in disposing of it at more than the 1/6 it cost you) and we will immediately forward Watch and Chain.

4. State whether you desire Lady's or Gent's Watch.

How is it done? This is undoubtedly the most extraordinary offer that has ever been made in the annals of the Jewellery Trade, but we consider it cheaper in the end to pay the British Public with the handsome gifts mentioned, and thus secure their **co-operation** in making our goods known than pay enormous sums in advertising.

N.B.—If all the Watches have been given away, your money will be **returned** you with a **Free Gift** for your trouble. ADDRESS—

MARATA JEWELLERY CO. (Dept. K), **84 ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, LONDON, E.C.**

FITS! FITS! FITS!

ALL PERSONS SUFFERING FROM EPILEPSY should send name and address to JAMES OSBORNE, Medical Pharmacy, Ashbourne, Derbyshire, who will forward, free of charge, full particulars (with testimonials) of the most successful remedy ever discovered for this distressing malady. Sent to all parts of the world.

SPECIAL XMAS OFFER!!

Milner's "Ideal" Umbrella at an enormous reduction, to introduce it to readers of *Pearson's Weekly*. Cut this out, and send to us with Postal Order value 7/6, and we will send Lady's or Gent's "Ideal" Umbrella, post paid. Stylish, Neat, Durable, with Silver or Gold Plated Mounts, the "Ideal" is the most marvellous value ever offered.

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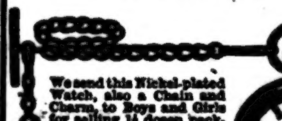

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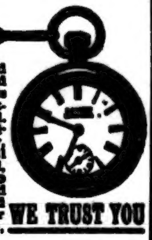

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GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

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"Why, here it is! Just what we are looking for."

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Nothing Prettier or Better could be wished for.

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18 & 20 Sidney Street, Commercial Road, London, E. Established 1851.

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Any Chemist or Stores can get it for you; 1/- per packet of 18 doses. Send stamped envelope for Free Sample. **KAPUTINE Ltd., Huddersfield.**

As a safe, Permanent, and Warranted Cure for Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Sores of all kinds, Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, and all Skin and Blood Diseases, we can with confidence recommend

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FOR THICKENING SOUPS AND GRAVIES.

PEA FLOUR.

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IMMEDIATE RELIEF.

PERMANENT CURE.

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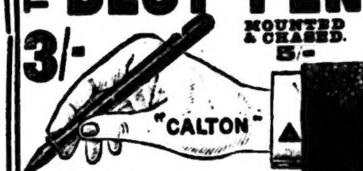

In choosing a Pen everyone wants the Best—that is, they want the "**CALTON**" **STYLOGRAPHIC PEN.** It is the Simplest and Cheapest of its kind on the market, and is praised by all who use it. We send it complete in Box, with Filler and Directions, post paid, for **3/-**. **JEWEL FOUNTAIN PEN**, fitted with 14ct. Gold Nib, **5/-**. Mounted and Chased, **7/6**.

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A London Business Man's Offer to Readers of "Pearson's."

A few years ago, the top of my head was bald. My father and grandfather had become **bald headed** in early life, and my mother's hair was naturally **very thin,** therefore I was quite reconciled to the probability of remaining bald throughout my life, particularly as I had tried numerous hair remedies without benefit. **In Switzerland,** by chance meeting with an old collegiate chemist, I obtained a formula which was compounded for me in Geneva. After a few applications, I was astonished to see the hair beginning to come forth, and within forty days my head was **covered with a firm, black, healthy growth of hair.** I supplied some of the preparation to others at that time, and the result were equally marvellous.

On the advice of some of my business friends, I recently began to prepare and sell this preparation, since which time I have received many testimonials; in fact, I am convinced that any person who uses this compound faithfully for a limited time will be satisfied with the splendid growth of hair. **It is effective with ladies and gentlemen,** and produces hair where the hirsute growth has been lost through hereditary baldness or disease.

Mine is absolutely the best hair-grower ever offered, and I especially invite a trial by you if you have used any of the widely-advertised liquids without success. In order to prove the genuineness of my offer, I will send a trial of my hair-growing compound, **absolutely free,** post-paid, in plain sealed wrapper, if you send 2 stamps for mailing, etc., and mention that you saw my offer in *Pearson's.* When you find that my preparation **actually starts the hair,** I will supply you with a further quantity at a small charge. Address:

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Invented in 1900.

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The Up-to-date Fluid Beef.

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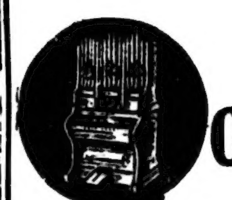

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It is absolutely the most wonderful Skin Cure that has ever been discovered. It gives immediate relief from itching and burning and cures all skin diseases and every form of **Eczema.**

1/1½ BOTTLES, post free for 1/3.

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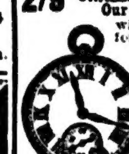

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Remarkable Discovery That Cures This Dangerous and Disfiguring Disease Without Pain, Operation or Inconvenience.

TRIAL PACKAGE SENT FREE.

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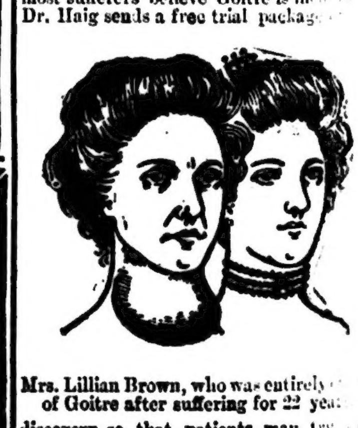

Mrs. Lillian Brown, who was entirely cured of Goitre after suffering for 22 years.

discovery so that patients may try it and know positively that Goitre can be cured at home without pain, danger, operation or any inconvenience. Send your name and address to Dr. John P. Haig, [illegible] Glenn Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A., and he will forward the treatment post prepaid. Do not fail to get this wonderful remedy. In Rio Janeiro, Brazil, S.A., 60,000 patients in that infected district were cured with this same remedy, and wherever used its success has been marvellous.

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Remember a letter to us from Great Britain requires 2½d. postage. Write your name very plain and be sure to give your full address so there can be no mistake in delivery.

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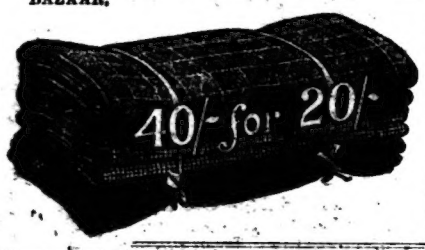

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36	39	42 ins.
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Black handle	2/6
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Sent post free same day as ordered.

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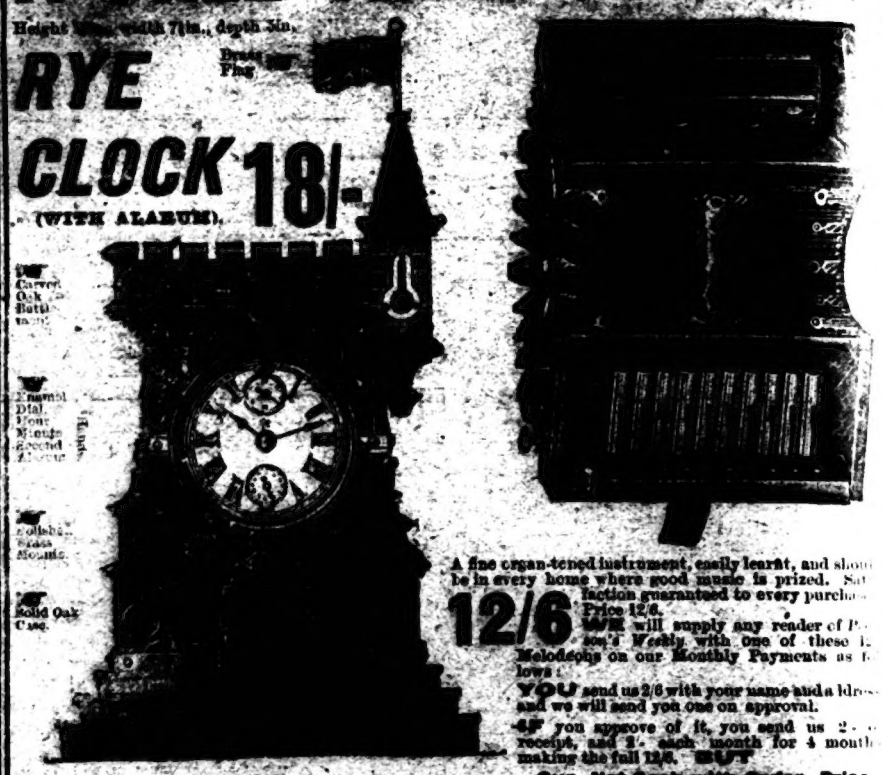

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